

THE CHARLEROI MAIL

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VOL. 8 No. 281

CHARLEROI, WASHINGTON CO., PA., MONDAY, JULY 6, 1903

One Cent

FALLS OFF BOAT INTO RIVER AND IS DROWNED

While wrestling on "The Gazelle," a small steamer on the Monongahela river about two miles below Fredericktown Saturday night about 9 o'clock, George Davis, of Zollarsville, and a man named Murphy fell overboard. Davis was drowned and Murphy was rescued only after great difficulty.

The men were engaged in a friendly boat when the accident occurred. They were repeatedly warned of danger as they in their contortions frequently neared the edge of the craft. When they plunged into the river a boat was immediately lowered, but it was too late. Neither of the men could swim, but one of the rescuers finally managed to seize hold of Murphy and hold him from sinking until assistance was at hand.

Young Davis went down before he could be reached and his body was

not recovered until yesterday. It was found near the spot where the unfortunate young man sank.

George Davis was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt Davis, of Zollarsville, and had been employed at Brownsville for the past year.

The remains were taken last evening to the home of the sorrowing parents of Zollarsville.

It was at first reported that the man drowned was Walter Davis and the mistake was not discovered until the arrival of the father who identified the body as that of his older son, George. Walter Davis had been in Brownsville with his brother for the past three weeks, but had gone to Pittsburgh to spend the Fourth.

Deputy Coroner V. E. Reeves of Charleroi was called for and investigated the matter as to how the boy came to his death. His finding was that death was accidental.

COMPANY A. OF NATIONAL GUARD MAY LOCATE HERE

It is possible that a company of the National Guard may be located in Charleroi, it being reported that Company A which has been stationed at Monongahela, is to be removed, and Charleroi as well as other towns are trying hard to land it. Donora and West Elizabeth are two of the towns named who want the company.

It is stated by those who have given the matter some attention that Charleroi might land the company if the proper effort were made. There are a number of young fellows here who are naturally equipped to become members, and no difficulty would be experienced in seeing the organization recruited up to a high standard. The location of the company here would give an opportunity to get a State armory building, which, it is stated, Monongahela has never been able to accomplish for some unexplained reasons. The company would give the town some additional prestige, and a little military pomp would add color and tone to the civic and public demonstrations for which the Magic City is famous. An armory building would be an additional point, in favor of a county seat when the new county of Knox is organized.

Rise of Little Benefit.

While there was a rising tendency on the local rivers yesterday, due to recent rains, the increase did not amount to anything and was of little benefit to rivermen. Very little boat movement took place, and even the excursion business was light. The heat and atmospheric stillness served to keep many persons away from the water during the day, but in the evening they appeared in pleasure craft.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Chalfant and baby Alvera, of Fallowfield avenue returned Saturday from near Streator, Ill., where they visited Mrs. Edith Reeves.

WANTED—A middle aged woman for general work in kitchen, at the Saxon Cafe, 421 McKean avenue. 2811f

Annual Clearance Sale of Fine China, Cut Glass, and Silverware. Watch window for Sale Price. Laird's, 519 McKean avenue. 28012.

BOARD OF HEALTH ORGANIZES FRIDAY NIGHT FOR YEAR

The Board of Health held their organization meeting for the year Friday evening, and the officers elected and different committees appointed. Rev. Boblitt, the newly elected member was sworn in.

The officers elected are as follows: President, Rev H. C. Boblitt, secretary, Dr. Edwin McKay. Messrs. Bowman and Phillips were chosen for the sanitary committee.

Personals.

Thomas L. Kirk, of Beaver Falls, is a visitor in Charleroi.

Robert McGowan of North Charleroi, is suffering from appendicitis.

Misses Gertrude and Fr. Blank spent Saturday and Sunday in Uniontown.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Mathie of Uniontown, are visitors in Charleroi with friends.

Miss Lucy Schaefer of Uniontown is a guest of Miss Sara Booth of Fallowfield avenue.

Miss Helen Kirk and niece, Elizabeth Kirk, have returned to their home in Beaver Falls after a visit here with relatives.

Peanut Halls.

The practice of throwing peanut hulls on the pavement, after disposing of the meat of the goober is one that seems to be growing in this city. Almost any morning you can see, an accumulation of the hulls at some point on Main street in the business section of the city, where the night before some one has tarried while they disposed of the contents of a five cent "poke." Now, the peanut is all right, and is at all times a delectable morsel, but those who indulge should make some other disposition of the hulls than by throwing them on the pavement. In this connection it might be well to mention the fact that the sidewalks have been kept much cleaner this year than ever before; that the practice of spitting on the sidewalk has about ceased, because the people understand that arrest and fine will follow all infractions of the law. If one habit can be broken, another can be done away with. So cut out the habit of throwing peanut hulls on the sidewalk. Monongahela Times.

CHARLEROI DIVIDES WITH UNIONTOWN

Charleroi won the morning game from Uniontown, July 4th, by superior playing and consistent hitting, coupled with the pitching of Willis Humphries, who held the Uniontowners down to five hits. The game was a nice one, and intensely interesting. It was Charleroi's from the startoff, when Nally, the first up, connected went to second on Cosgrove's sacrifice and scored when Dunn knocked out a two bager. In the fifth two more runs were added on two hits and an error. Uniontown's hits were much scattered, and all for one base. Gillingham disputed Umpire Holland's decision at second in the fifth and was benched for the remainder of the game.

The tale of the afternoon game is a little different. Bert Humphries pitched good ball for Charleroi, but bunched hits in the first, second and third innings proved his undoing. But for the poor fielding back of Kruger, he would have had a shutout. Scores: Morning game.

CHARLEROI	R	H	P	A	E
Nally, r.....	1	1	1	0	0
Cosgrove, 2.....	1	1	2	6	1
O'Hare, m.....	1	2	0	0	0
Dunn, s.....	0	3	3	0	0
Robb, l.....	0	1	0	1	0
Heinz, l.....	0	0	0	0	1
Dailey, c.....	0	1	5	0	0
Urban, 3.....	0	1	1	0	0
W. Humphries, p.....	0	1	1	3	0
Totals	3	10	24	13	2

UNIONTOWN	R	H	P	A	E
Roberts, m-2.....	0	1	2	2	0
Gilligan, 2.....	0	2	3	0	0
Frankenberry, c.....	0	0	0	0	0
Hilley, 3.....	0	2	2	0	0
Rudolph, l.....	0	1	3	0	0
Phillips, r.....	0	0	2	0	0
Cowan, s.....	0	0	1	1	0
Price, l.....	0	0	5	0	1
Redman, c-m.....	0	0	3	0	0
Yoedt, p.....	0	0	0	3	1
Totals	0	6	21	9	2

Charleroi.....1 0 0 0 2 0 0 *-3
Uniontown.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
Two-base hits—Dunn, Dailey, Double plays—Heinz, Humphries and Heinz; Dunn, Cosgrove and Heinz. First base on balls—Off Humphries 2, off Yoedt 1. Struck out—By Humphries 4, by Yoedt 3. Umpire—Holland.

Afternoon game.

CHARLEROI	R	H	P	A	E
Nally, r.....	0	1	1	0	0
Cosgrove, 2.....	0	0	1	3	0
O'Hare, m.....	0	1	0	0	0
Dunn, s.....	0	2	1	3	1
Robb, l.....	0	0	3	0	0
Heinz, l.....	1	1	13	0	0
May, c.....	0	0	3	0	0
Urban, 3.....	0	0	1	0	0
B. Humphries, p.....	0	2	1	4	0
Totals	1	7	24	10	1

UNIONTOWN	R	H	P	A	E
Gilligan, 2.....	2	1	3	3	0
Hilley, 3.....	0	0	0	1	1
Rudolph, l.....	1	0	0	0	0
Phillips, r.....	2	0	0	0	0
Roberts, m.....	1	2	0	0	0
Cowan, s.....	0	0	1	5	1
Price, l.....	0	0	13	0	0
Redman, c.....	0	2	4	0	0
Kruger, p.....	0	0	4	3	0
Totals	4	7	27	12	2

Uniontown.....1 1 1 0 1 0 0 *-4
Charleroi.....0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0-1
Two-base hits—Roberts, Rudolph, Dunn, Phillips. Three-base hits—Gilligan. Sacrifice hits—Cowan, Hilley, Rudolph, Kruger. Stolen bases—Gilligan, Heinz, Cowan. Double play—Cowan and Price. Bases on balls—Kruger 1. Struck out—By Kruger 3, by Humphries 3. Passed ball—May. Umpire—Holland.

Hayden.

M. J. Hayden, of Finleyville, a well known hotel proprietor died last evening at 11 o'clock at the Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh. The funeral services will be held Wednesday at the St. Francis church, Finleyville. The body will then be taken to St. Mary's Cemetery, Pittsburgh, where the interment will be.

Mr. Hayden is one of the hotel proprietors who were thrown out of a license last fall by the court.

Read The Mail.

MAY BE AN ATTEMPT TO BLACKMAIL

Charles N. Yohe, a well known lumber contractor of Monongahela was held under \$1000 bail by Alderman Day of that place at a hearing Friday evening the charge being a serious one, preferred by Bit Wemes, a tailor employed at La. J. field's clothing establishment.

It is stated that on Thursday Yohe went to the home of Mrs. Ojon on Fourth street, when she was the only one present. A neighbor woman said she heard her scream and run into the place just in time to see Yohe going out the back door. Mrs. Ojon was crying. Mrs. Ojon made information before Mayor Ellwood of Monongahela, and Yohe was arrested, but the affair was settled before it went to a hearing. Wemes, who is a brother of Mrs. Ojon heard of the occurrence and brought suit before Alderman Day, with the result of Yohe's being held.

Mrs. Ojon was examined by a doctor who stated that the woman was only frightened. The friends of the accused man regard the affair as an attempt at blackmail.

Coming to an Understanding.
In the amiable way of villagers they were discussing the matrimonial affairs of a couple who, though recently wed, had begun to find the yoke of matrimony a burden.

"It is all along of these hasty marriages," opined one caustic old gentleman who had been much to the fore in the discussion. "They did not understand each other. They'd nobbut knowed each other for a matter of seven years."

"Well, that seems long enough," said an interested lady listener.

"Long eno? Bah! Ye're wrong! With a body's courtin' he canna be too careful. Whar, my courtship lasted a matter of nineteen years!"
"You certainly were careful," agreed the lady listener. "And did you find your plan successful when you married?"
"Ye jump to conclusions," said the old man impatiently. "I understood her then, so I didna marry her!"—St. James Gazette

He Writ.

A well known dramatic critic visiting Stratford on Shakespeare's birthday, and hearing the clangor of the bells which from their tower in the old church where the poet lies buried, awoke the little town to its devotions approached a wintry headed street sweeper in front of Irving's Inn and said: "Who is the fellow they're making this fuss about? I see you have Shakespeare hotels, Shakespeare gingerbread, and only the other day I saw a man driving to town some pigs called 'Shakespeare's best.' Who is he—the fellow who lived in that tumble-down shanty yonder?" The "oldest inhabitant" replied, "I think he writ." "Oh, he writ, did he? What did he write—books, confessions of a deer stealer, magazine articles—what?" "I think he writ for the Bible."

A Decorated Interior.

Mrs. Graham is an estimable lady whose hobby is house decoration. One day the lady was careless enough to drink a glass of red ink, believing it to be claret. She was a good deal scared when she discovered her mistake, but no harm came to her. The doctor who was summoned, upon hearing what had happened, dryly remarked to her, "Mrs. Graham, there's such a thing as pushing this rage for decorated interiors too far."—Argonaut.

Memory Training.

If men only realized how great an asset in life is a retentive memory they would take care to see that their children's were properly trained. The simplest method consists in learning every day a few lines by heart. None of our faculties can be trained so easily as that of memory.—Stuttgart Familienblatt.

Her Choice.

"What would you do, dear, if I were to die?" asked Mrs. Darley fondly.
"I don't know," replied Darley thoughtfully. "Which is your choice—burial or cremation?"—London Mail.

A Surgical Operation.

The customer raised his hand, and the barber, pausing in the operation of shaving him, inclined his head. "Sir?" "Give me gas," said the customer.—London Globe.

Find the cause of each wrinkle on a man's face, and you will find it was put there by worrying over something that worrying could not help.—Atlantic Globe.

NO ACCIDENTS IN CHARLEROI TO MAR ENJOYMENT OF 4TH

The Fourth of July passed off quietly in Charleroi, there being few occurrences to mar the enjoyment of the day. Not a single accident so far as can be learned was reported as occurring within the city limits, the reason perhaps being that the proclamation issued on Thursday by Burgers Hott was followed by celebrators. One man was arrested for firing a shot gun on the evening of July 3rd.

During the day there were nine arrests for drunkenness. A fight occurred on the hill near the coal tipple between two foreigners, John Poppovick and Mike Siprook being the principals. Both had a little of the fuzzy wuzzy bug juice tanked in their tankers, and when the latter went to the home of Poppovick at 9 o'clock in the evening it was a simple matter to start a quarrel and incidentally a fight. Siprook had one eye closed in the racket and was generally bruised up. They were arrested Sunday and at a hearing the former was fined \$1.00 and costs and the latter \$5.

Luther Brown, John L. Redd and Simpson White, all colored were arrested Saturday night while getting ready to fight. They were at a pool room on McKean avenue and an argument arose. Someone suggested fight and out they went to seek a suitable place. Being rather boisterous, they were heard by the police, who pulled the trio. At a subsequent hearing each were fined \$1 and costs.

At Belle Vernon, the Fourth was a strenuous day, holdups, serious accidents, and fires resulting.

Asafat Kirpan, 29, a miner, deci-

ded that some of the dynamite he used in blasting coal would be the right thing with which to make a noise. He made a big cracker, lit the fuse and threw it down. It went out, as he thought, but just as he picked it up to case a lock it exploded. His right hand was blown off, his left leg was punctured in two places, and his chest and face are full of pieces of powder. He was removed to Mercy hospital, Pittsburgh.

About 5 o'clock Saturday morning four tramps got off a Pittsburgh and Lake Erie freight train at Gibsonton. Two of them started up the track, while a negro and an Italian lagged behind. The Italian exhibited a \$5 bill, when the negro knocked him down, took the money and disappeared.

Gus Wilson, negro, and Sam Laurie, Italian, were arrested for holding up Antun Koudoz, an Austrian, on the street car line, right in the middle of Belle Vernon, and taking from him a pair of shoes and some money.

A skyrocket Saturday night set fire to the residence of Elmer J. Guiler, on Linton avenue, Belle Vernon. It dug in under the shingles of the roof and the blaze had a pretty good start before it was discovered. The volunteer fire company finally extinguished the blaze.

The residence of Mrs. Alson C. Reppert was set on fire about midnight by a skyrocket. The fire was discovered by some neighbors who awakened the sleeping family and extinguished the blaze before it had made much headway.

WANTED PEOPLE OF THIS PLACE TO UNDERSTAND

Editor Mail:—

An article was published in the Mail Monday, June 29, stating that two Charleroi boys, Scott Workmen and William Gilmore were caught trying to break and enter the wharf house, and were held for court under \$300 bail. The former, one was not caught trying to enter the building and I wish to have the statement corrected, so the people of Charleroi may not have any false impressions. My son, Mr. Workman was never before arrested and I think it is doing him an injustice to make a statement which is so harmful to his character.

Of the other young man, I know nothing.

Mrs. Workman.

HORMELL DESCENDENTS HOLD REUNION

The sons and daughters of the late Jacob and Minerva Hormell held a reunion Saturday at the home of one of the former, Eli Hormell, at Coal Centre. A big dinner was served and the afternoon and evening spent in various ways. The reunion was the first time the sons and daughters had met since a similar affair five years ago.

Dunlevy And Monongahela Divide.

Dunlevy and Monongahela divided Saturday in two games, the former winning the morning game, by the score of 2-0 on their grounds and the latter a rattling twelve inning contest at the Monongahela park, by the score of 1-0. The pitcher, for both teams performed well.

Always keep a bottle of L. W. HARPER whiskey in sight. Good to look at and good to taste; and what is more a benefit to your health. Sold by W. H. Zeigler, 255 1/2 W. St.

OPERATIONS AT GALLATIN MINES ARE RESUMED

The Gallatin mine resumed operations this morning, after being placed in first-class shape. Fifty-six tons of cars were delivered to the tipple by the chain haul, which has been found to be in excellent working condition. This mine has been thoroughly overhauled, new tracks laid, new tipples built, new entries driven in that new field of coal land everything is in first class shape for an extended run. Over four hundred men will be given employment at this plant when it is working full time, and which will add materially to the prosperity of the local community. As Gallatin has a rail tipple is likely lake shipment will be made from this mine all summer.

Old Home Week at Carnegie.

Carnegie, the hustling metropolis of the Chartiers valley, is making extensive arrangements of an Old Home Week celebration during the week of August 23-29th, the affair being in the hands of the most prominent business and professional men of the town.

The intention is to send personal invitations to former residents who are now scattered throughout every state of the Union as well as in foreign lands, asking them to return and act as the honor guests during the week. A special invitation has also been extended to Andrew Carnegie, in whose honor the town was named 14 years ago, at the time of the consolidation of the towns of Mansfield and Chartiers, and it is possible he will deliver an address during the week in the magnificent hall in Carnegie which bears his name.

Annual Clearance Sale of Fine China, Cut Glass, and Silverware. Watch window for Sale Price. Laird's, 519 McKean avenue. 28012.

Your Bank and Adviser

We invite you to seek our advice on financial business and investment matter, as well as making us the safe custodian of your funds.

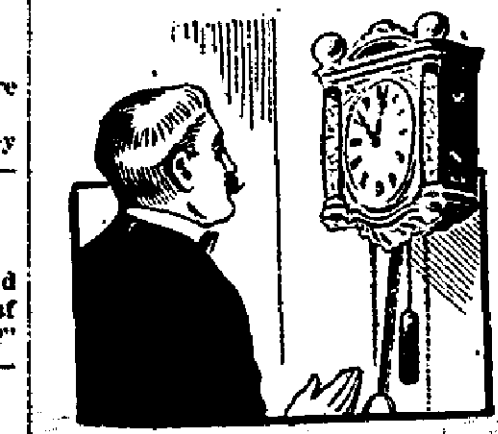
The accounts of merchants, manufacturers, firms and individuals invited.

4 per cent Interest Paid on Savings Accounts
First National Bank
Charleroi, Pa.

Depository for the State of Pennsylvania.

J. K. Tenor, Pres. F. B. Newton, Vice-Pres. R. H. Rush, Cashier.

You Can Safely and Conveniently Bank With Us by Mail



WALL CLOCKS

What's so reliable as the calm dial of a faithful clock as you hurry out to business in the morning or its smiling greeting on your return? We offer them with large, clear deals handsomely framed, as hanging clocks—others as standing clocks. Handsome mantel clocks, too in exquisite frames, and as accurate time keepers as our wall clocks. Here's a display of clocks, beautiful, useful, at prices that put to shame even that precious article—floating time. You can't get lost buying one these clocks.

JOHN B. SCHAFER, Manufacturing Jeweler
Bell Phone 103-W 515 McKean Avenue Charleroi, Pa.
After July 5, 1903 This store will close every evening at 6 o'clock, except Monday and Saturday.

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MAIL PUBLISHING COMPANY
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Registered in the Post Office at Charloir, Pa.
second class matter

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year.....\$3.00
Six Months.....1.50
Three Months......75
All subscriptions payable in advance.
Delivered by carrier in Charloir at six
cents per week.
Advertisements of public interest are
welcome, but as an evidence of good
will, and not necessarily for publication,
not invariably bear the author's signature.

TELEPHONES

Bel 76 Charloir 76

Member of Monongahela Valley Press
Association

Advertising Rates:

DISPLAY—15 cents per inch, first
insertion. Rates for large space con-
tracts made known on application.

READING NOTICES—Such as
business notices, notices of meetings,
resolutions of respect, cards of
thanks, etc., 5 cents per line.

LEGAL NOTICES—Legal, official
and similar advertising, including
that in settlement of estates, public
sales, live stock and stray notices,
bank notices, notices to teachers, 10
cents per line, first insertion; 5 cent
a line, each additional insertion.

Local Agencies

Geo. S. Mighr.....Charloir
Clyde Collins.....Specie
H. Dooley.....Dunlevy
Justus Clements.....Lock No. 4

July 6 in History.

1802—General Daniel Morgan, Amer-
ican Revolutionary hero, died; born
1736.

1835—John Marshall, noted chief jus-
tice of the United States, died in
Philadelphia; born 1753.

1893—Guy de Maupassant, a master in
the French school of naturalistic
writers, died in Paris; born 1850.

1906—The remains of Paul Jones form-
ally delivered to the United States
government by France.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Sun sets 7:30, rises 4:32; moon sets
12:08 a. m.; moon's age 9 days; 3:25
p. m., eastern time, moon at first quar-
ter; 10 p. m., planet Neptune in con-
junction with the sun, changing from
east to west; 6 a. m., planet Uranus at
opposition with the sun, 130 degrees
distant.

Another "Device."

A few weeks ago the Courts of
Washington county, in an opinion
delivered on the sale of liquor, said
"the beer agent was merely a device
to evade the law," and thundered out
that he should be prosecuted. The beer
agent, in consequence thereof, fled in
what Rufus Choate called "terrific and
tumultuous haste" from Washington
county. There are other "devices" it
seems.

May it please the honorable Court,
a newspaper of general circulation in
Washington county, controlled by
Congressman Acheson, stated in the
most positive manner that several coal
companies in Washington county owned
and conducted supply stores in open
and direct defiance of company store
Act 1891.

The newspaper went further than
that. It stated as plainly as language
can state anything that these supply
stores were "devices to evade the law"
and in them bare-faced swindles and
extortions are habitually practiced up
on innocent and unsophisticated people.
The statements were direct, positive
assertions, accompanied by names and
places and acts. There cannot be the
slightest doubt of whom are doing
those unlawful acts or where they
are done—nothing was left to guess-
work.

In addition the same newspaper
printed an illustration showing a state
of affairs on Chartiers creek, which
has all of the elements necessary to
create an epidemic of typhoid fever in
this county.

Almost any one has the courage to
kick a howling cur running and yelp-
ing down the street but it is an entire-
ly different proposition to attempt to
take a bone away from a growling bull
dog. Now the state of affairs set forth
in Congressman Acheson's paper are
either true or false. It is the sworn
duty of the Courts of any county to
investigate charges made by responsible
parties about such a state of affairs
publicly stated to exist in Washington
county. You have the power to em-
panel a special Grand Jury to investi-
gate and indict any person or persons
who acts publicly stated to be
done by the coal companies

of Washington county.

If you desire the aid of the State,
you have an advantage in that the coun-
ty pleisan Mr. Carson is no longer At-
torney General to render your attempt
abortive by an opinion about "un-
citizens," as he did in the case from
Fayette county against the Frick Su-
ply stores.

The good name of Washington coun-
ty demands the truth or falsity of the
charges made in Congressman Acheson's
paper be cleared up. If true, to
punish the perpetrators; if false, to
transfer the stigma where it belongs.
The responsibility for doing this rests
upon our county courts and no one
else. They have shown that they have
power to demolish one "device" for
evading one law, and by analogy
they must have the power to squelch
another kind of "device to evade" an-
other law. That is to say, they have
kicked the cur, they must also take
the bone from the bulldog.

Was Done Before.

The canalization of the Yongh-
iogheny river has but one objection
offered to it and that objection is the
rapid fall of the river for a short dis-
tance above West Newton.

It does not seem possible that the
engineers of to-day are less bold in
conception and execution than those of
the early years of the last century.
For instance: The distance between
Horseheads, N. Y., and Seneca Lake,
is about twelve miles. The difference
in elevation between them is approx-
imately eight hundred feet. About
sixty years ago a canal was built and
successfully operated between the two
places for many years and millions of
tons of coal were shipped on it. It
was finally abandoned some years ago
when the coal companies built a rail-
road between Corning and Syracuse.

It is safe to say that there is not that
much fall in the Yonghlogheny river
between McKeesport and the West
Virginia line. The opponents of the
project to canalize the river will have
to raise some stronger objection than
that of too much grade before they can
hope to successfully combat it.

The recent shipments by water from
manufacturing plants in Charloir and
near-by towns are but a drop in the
bucket compared to what will follow
when a nine-foot stage is established
between Pittsburg and Cairo.

A Great Loss.

The death of Joel Chandler Harris,
"Uncle Remus," is a great loss to all
who love animals and clean, whole-
some merry tales about them. Not
since the days of Aesop has any writer
even approached "Uncle Remus." His
tales of Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox are
immortal and will never cease to
amuse and charm.

Short Arm Jolt.

Your Uncle Guffey may be a dis-
turber and all that and then some but
he certainly landed a short arm jolt on
the Peerless One's midriff that put him
down for the count in the estimation
of all who believe that "ingratitude
is the basest of all crimes."

Stirred Them Up.

Did you ever go near a setting hen
and see her feathers ruffle and hear her
querulous protests when you disturbed
her? Well, that is what the Wash-
ington boro hen done when the Char-
loir Mirror said "new county."

At Long Range.

"I see you read a great deal of min-
ing literature."
"Yes."
"Did you ever go prospecting for
gold?"
"No; I can lose enough time and
money merely prospecting."—Wash-
ington Star.

The Spare Room.

Like Bluebeard's secret chamber locked
up tight,
Kept all the year without a speck of
light,
A perfectly Imperial brass bed,
With downy pillows and a snowy spread,
A gorgeous bureau redolent of pine,
A couch on which 'twere barbarous to re-
cline,
Some chairs that cost—well, goodness
knows the sum:
The furniture upholstered in rich plum—
It's worth your life to even peep in there.
That showy, useless room that's called
"the spare!"
—La Touche Hancock in New York
Press.

Unpoetic.

"Don't you enjoy the glories of sum-
mer?"
"Yes," answered the unpoetic per-
son; "it is something of a comfort to
find the gas bills getting so much
smaller."—Wasp.

The Mood
Of a Maid.

By CECILY ALLEN.

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Literary Press.

The girl leaned forward after scan-
ning the road in both directions and
touched the chauffeur's arm. The
great crimson car came to a panting,
deliberate standstill.

The girl did not wait for the chauff-
eur to help her, but sprang lightly to
the road and vanished into the wood-
land on the right. The chauffeur turned
the car as if his thoughts were con-
centrated on the necessity of making
the smallest possible turn in time of
safety, in order to be prepared in time
of emergency. And then the great crim-
son car shot back in the direction from
whence it had come.

Safely screened by the underbrush,
the girl found a clearing in the wood-
land and sat down on a moss grown
log. Deftly she unwound the swath-
ings of chiffon from her hat, baring
a face delicate and sensitive as the
anemones opening at her feet.

She drew off her gloves and felt of
the velvet moss on the old log, then
stooped to gather flowers. Finally,
with the blossoms forgotten in her
lap, she leaned forward, her elbows on
her knees, her chin propped in the
palms of her hands, watching the
woodland life around her.

Chipmunks and squirrels scampered
along the edge of the clearing. Where
the sun shone upon a tangle of fern
and jack in the pulpit two robins
perched pertly on dry twigs and dis-
cussed the troubles of May moving
day. From the shadows of the wood
beyond came the persistent hammering
of a woodpecker.

Beyond the screen of underbrush au-
tomobiles and smart turnouts spun on
toward the race track, where the world
of fashion was foregathering. An hour
passed, and then at the distant wall of
a peculiar strenuous whistle the girl sprang
to her feet, dropped her lapful of flow-
ers and ran to the roadside.

Bearing down upon her was a crim-
son car, twin of the one which had
dropped her so unceremoniously an
hour earlier.

But the resemblance stopped with the
car. The chauffeur in the first car
had worn a spick span uniform in tan
color from the tips of his highly polish-
ed boots to the crown of his heavy red
cap. The man in this car wore a dis-
reputable looking storm coat of Eng-
lish cloth, a shabby visor cap and a
pair of goggles which had certainly
seen more prosperous days.

He was scorching along at a fine
pace. But the girl calmly stepped to
the edge of the road and waved a de-
taining hand—a bare hand at that.
The machine slowed down, and the
man made preparations to descend, as
became one hailed by a maiden in dis-
tress. But again the girl raised a de-
taining hand.

"My car met with an accident. I
thought perhaps—I am very anxious to
reach Dalton this afternoon. Perhaps
you were going that way. Would you
give me a lift?"

She looked up eagerly into his start-
led face. Then the man coughed dis-
creetly, swallowed a smile and sprang
from the machine.

"I was—or thought I was—going to
the races, but I am sure it will be
much more pleasant at—er—was it Dal-
ton you said?"

The man's accent was English. The
admiration in his eyes was the sort
that knows no nationality. The girl
flushed beneath it and sprang into the
car before the astonished man could
assist her.

For a few minutes the car ran on in
silence. Then the girl spoke abruptly.
"Let us take this crossroad. Then a
mile farther we will strike the old
Dalton turnpike. There we will not
meet."

"I understand," he interrupted grave-
ly. And the great car swerved into
the crossroad, running through a
stretch of woodland.

Again the girl seemed plunged in
thought. But at last the man remark-
ed a bit lamely:

"Perfect day, isn't it?"

The girl looked up at him shyly. Her
eyes were soft and luminous.

"Oh, I have had the most beautiful
hour there in the woods. I've never
seen anything half so wonderful as
those little creatures doing just as they
pleased. Just as soon as the birds
flew off one tree or bush or fern they
flew off to another. They did not mind
me nor each other. Just think of being
like that all your life!"

The man looked at her curiously, as
if she were a new specimen of the
genus feminine and entirely worthy of
deep study.

"It is all so different from what I've
been used to. I wake up knowing that
Marie will be right there with my
chocolate. And then will come card-
and mail and flowers and Aunt Mar-
garet. Of course Aunt Margaret is a
dear but ten years of doing things
right under Aunt Margaret's eyes are
very tiresome. Don't you think so?"

"I am quite sure it must be a terrible
bore," replied the man gravely.

"And then seeing the same people
everywhere you go and being quite
sure that you will see no one that
Aunt Margaret has not seen first."

The man bit his lip at this naïve con-
fession.

"Do you know," said the girl, wax-
ing confidential as the car lazied along over
the tree hung road, "I've always
dreamed of having a man come to re-
scue just like this—a man I have
never known—a man quite differ-

from any of the men I have ever met."

She paused, and the man at her side
studied her with grave eyes.

"Now, there was Beattie Stewart—
she married Jack Coghlan. They'd
gone to kindergarten and dancing
school together. And then she'd gone
to all his college 'proms' and the same
cottolons. Why, it was just like marry-
ing some one who had lived in your
own family always."

"And now they're bored to death
with each other. They had a honey-
moon at Monte Carlo, where they had
been the year before on the Borden-
Jones yacht, and they came back to
the same old round of teas and dinners
and dances. There was no romance in
that."

The man shook his head.

"But Harriet, one of our parlor
maids, married a miller way out west.
She met him by answering an adver-
tisement in a matrimonial paper. He
came east after her, and she wrote
Marie that they were awfully happy.
He had never beaten her once."

The man flung back his head and
laughed, and the girl laughed with
him. Then suddenly she clutched his
sleeve.

"You've passed the Dalton turnpike,
and I must be at Stonewold for
lunch."

"We are not going to Dalton," said
the man calmly. "I've been out this
way before. Just two miles beyond we
will cross the state line."

"But why? Oh, I must go on to
Stonewold."

The man ignored the remark.

"And across the state line, I under-
stand, there is no need of a license."

"Oh!" said the girl very softly, and
the great car stopped beneath the arch
of freshly leaved trees.

He flung aside his heavy driving
gloves and took the delicate, sensitive
face of the girl between his two hands.

"Will you, dearest?"

Her eyes stopped dancing and turned
wondrous tender.

"Oh, I hoped you'd understand, but I
did not dream—"

"Will you, dearest?" persisted the
man.

She lowered her long lashes over the
eyes into which he tried so hard to
gaze. Later she murmured from the
shelter of his arms: "But I want to tell
you the truth, Lester. I never loved
you till just this minute. And I had
made up my mind that if you did not
understand I would just—"

He threw on the power.

"Let us get across the line quick be-
fore you change your mind again."

Hiram Manning, justice of the peace
in the —th district, plucked at his
beard and regarded the couple doubt-
fully.

"I'd like to oblige you, but this ain't
no Grotna Green, an'—well, I don't
mind tellin' you that the girl looks un-
der age."

"But I am not," protested the girl.
"I am twenty."

"Not castin' no reflections, ma'am,
but I'd like some proof—"

The girl and the man looked at each
other; then the girl's troubled glance
traveled to the table, and a smile
brightened her face.

"Isn't that proof enough that my
family are willing?"

She held the paper toward the jus-
tice with the face of a girl peering
straight from the printed page.

The justice looked from the picture
to the girl, and his face alternately
flushed and paled.

"Gosh! all bemocks, you're Banker
Cladin's girl, and he—he's?"

"Yes," said the girl, her eyes dan-
cing. "He is Lord Granston. But, in-
deed, he's very nice in spite of the
fact," she added as justice of the
Peace Manning continued to stare in-
credulously at the man's slim figure in
its disreputable motoring apparel.

"You wait a bit. I'll be right back,"
said the justice, with sudden accession
of spirit, and he started for the door.

The girl and man sprang after him.

"You are not going to telephone to
town—to those wretched reporters.
Please, please, let us be married quite
alone, with just some of your family
for witnesses," cried the girl.

"Yes," added the man nervously.
"We've just run away from all that
sort of thing—piffle, don't you know.
Please let us get away quietly. Don't
telephone, I beg of you."

"Telephone nothin'," exclaimed the
justice heartily. "I'm just goin' to put
on my Sunday suit. Never expect to
marry a millionaire's girl and a lord
again in my time."

Diverging.

Husband—I'm afraid I'm becoming
cross eyed, my dear. Wife—The ideal!
Why do you think that? Husband—
This thing of trying to look at my in-
come and our expenses at the same
time is slowly but surely getting its
work in.—Chicago News.

Caught Him.

Mrs. Hoyle—I've found out where
my husband spends his evenings. Mrs.
Doyle—Where? Mrs. Hoyle—At home.
You see, I had to stay in myself last
night.—Harper's Weekly.

That is every man's country where
he lives best.—Aristophanes.

F. & W. Va. League

Standing of the Clubs		W	L	Pct
Uniontown.....	3	19	443	
Charlottesville.....	23	27	550	
Charlottesville.....	23	27	510	
Fairmont.....	26	32	448	
Scottsdale.....	19	34	358	

Saturday's Results.		Uniontown.....	0
Charlottesville.....	3	Charlottesville.....	1
Uniontown.....	2	Fairmont.....	0
Charlottesville.....	2	Charlottesville.....	0
Charlottesville.....	8	Fairmont.....	2
Charlottesville.....	6	Scottsdale.....	2

Yesterday's Results.

Connellsville...	2	Clarksburg...	1
Uniontown...	4	Fairmont....	2
Scottsdale-Charleroi	Not scheduled.		

Games Today		Scottsdale at Charloir	
Uniontown at Fairmont		Charlottesville at Clarksburg	

Cause of Giantism.		A learned Italian doctor says that giantism is a morbid process, a disease due to an enlargement of a part of the brain which is endowed with growth regulating functions. When that part of the brain enlarged, the limbs grow to an abnormal extent and other phys- ical changes occurred, the excess of growth being chiefly in the lower jaw, the arms and legs. No giant ever at- tains length of days. The average life is only a fraction over twenty years. Ireland has produced at least four giants—McGrath, born in Tipperary in 1736 (he was seven feet five inches in height); Malone, seven feet six inches; Murphy, seven feet three inches; and Charles Byrne, seven feet six inches. None of them ever reached great men- tal development.
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Old Dances in Old Times.		In Edward Scott's "Dancing in All Ages" are some curious details about the dances of old England. "Joan Sanderson" was a "jolly dancer" in Mr. Scott's definition, for before it was ended each lady had kissed all the gentlemen twice, and each man had been equally enterprising. Mary Stuart danced the "Volta," though "not so high and so disposedly" as Elizabeth. In King Charles' time peo- ple danced "Trenchmore," the "Cush- ion Dance," "Omnium Gatherum" and "Hoite cum Toite."
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All in a Garden Green.		"Gathering of Peasods," "Lumps of Pudding," "Under and Over," "The Bath," "The Slaughter House" and "Have at Thy Coat, Old Woman." are dances not quite so old.
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A Trying Moment.		Professor Leopold Schroetter was called to see the Crown Prince Fred- erick in 1887 before Sir Morrell Mac- kenzie had reached San Remo. The prince, evidently suspecting the worst, turned to Schroetter after the examina- tion and said, "I request the truth as to my ailment." Schroetter hesitated and made an effort to direct the con- versation in another direction, but Frederick insisted. "I am a soldier," he said, "and can look death in the eye. I ask you now plainly, to the point, is my complaint cancer?" Schroetter could hardly contain himself, and years after the scene when he re- called it he spoke of it as the most painful in his life. He continued the crown prince to a chair and asked him to be seated. Then he said, "Your im- perial highness, you are suffering from a serious complaint, and it is possible that it may develop into carcinoma, but that cannot be determined posi- tively at this moment." Frederick be- came deathly pale, but never for a moment lost his self control and smiled grimly when he thanked the physician for his honesty.
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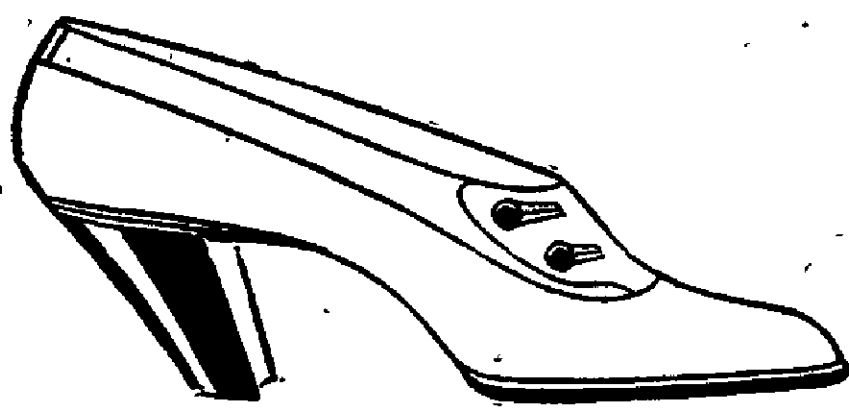
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Dr. C. S. Johnson,		Dentist, 209 Fifth St., Second Floor. Bell Phone 108-8.
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The Cuban Commercial Fruit Line just starting with a line of ships from Savannah, Ga., to Cuban and Porto Rican ports, offers a better opening for the large or small investor than can be found elsewhere.

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The second allotment of the Full Paid and Non-assessable Treasury Stock is now ready for subscription at

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The Bible's Good Use of Words.
The Bible as a standard for the correctness of words has been urged upon readers by Professor Lounsbury of Yale, writing in Harper's Magazine. "Make up your mind," says Professor Lounsbury, "that the Bible is a guide to be followed grammatically as much as it is morally. The language of our version belongs to the sixteenth century. It therefore naturally contains expressions which, though proper at that time, are not in accord with the common usage of our day. When it was originally translated, which was generally the relative pronoun referring to persons. Hence we say, 'Our Father which art in heaven.' More than this, the subtle distinction found in the employment of shall and will had not then become established in the language. But these do not affect the correctness of its procedure in regard to expressions still met with everywhere. In such cases accept its authority without question and conform your practice with it."

He Went.

Mr. Lingerlong—I had a queer adventure this afternoon. Miss de Muir (with a swift glance at the clock)—You mean yesterday afternoon, I presume.—Exchange.

The Grandest.

"What is the grandest thing in the universe?" asks Victor Hugo. "A storm at sea," he answers and continues, "And what is grander than a storm at sea?" "The unclouded heavens on a starry, moonless night." "And what is grander than these midnight skies?" "The soul of man"—a spectacular climax such as Hugo loved and still, with all its dramatic effects, the picturesque statement of a vast and sublime and mighty truth

Crazy.

Wigwag—I believe there's a tinge of insanity in all religious enthusiasts. Henpeckke—Yes; take the Mormons, for instance. Any man that wants more than one wife is plumb crazy.—Philadelphia Record.

The Spoor.

"I'm gunning for railroads," announced the trust buster. "Then come with me," whispered the near humorist. "I can show you some of their tracks."—Southwestern's Book

Beware of the man who does not return your blow; he neither forgives you nor allows you to forgive yourself.—George Bernard Shaw.

Trial Trips.

When a vessel is on her trial trip she runs four times over a measured mile, twice with and twice against the tide. Her average speed is thus arrived at.

The Fairy Godmother.

By JEROME SPRAGUE.

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Bubbles didn't care whether it was appropriate or not; she wanted it, and she was saving up her money to get it. Every morning when she went to the store she found the girls talking of their summer hats.

"What kind are you going to have?" they would ask her, and Bubbles would laugh—the gay bubbling laugh that had given her her nickname—and would say, "Wait and see, girls; wait and see."

"Oh, piffle!" one of them said on a certain June morning. "I don't believe you're going to get a hat."

"Wait and see; wait and see," said Bubbles provokingly.

And then after the store was closed she went around the corner and looked at the hat with the white feather.

The price was in plain sight—\$10.

Bubbles earned \$4 a week. Out of that she paid her aunt \$2.50 for board. Fifty cents went for car fare, and the rest she had for herself. Since last summer she had managed to save \$9.50, and the other fifty would add the complete amount necessary to buy the hat with the white feather.

She decided to tell Alice Forbes about it.

Alice was at the ribbon counter, while Bubbles sold notions. Their acquaintance rose from the fact that they walked home in the same direction.

"I'll have to wear it with all my old blue suit," Bubbles said as she went along. "But I don't care. I've made myself a white net waist, and it's awfully becoming."

"Ten dollars is a lot for a hat," Alice said quietly.

But Bubbles laughed, with her head flung up and her bright eyes shining. "Oh, what's the use of living," she said, "if a girl can't have something pretty now and then?"

Alice nodded. Her blue eyes were wistful. "That's what I think," she said. "Now, there's a remnant of ribbon at my counter. It's white, with bunches of pink roses on it. It would make a lovely girdle, and I could buy a white dress for 15 cents a yard and a little wreath of pink roses in the millinery department, and then I could be bridesmaid for Millie Drake."

"Does she want you to be?" Bubbles asked, with interest.

"Yes," Alice said. "Jimmie Bryan is to be best man."

"Oh!" Bubbles was silent for a moment. Then she asked, "Don't you think you can afford the dress?"

"No," Alice said quietly. "I can't. And I told Millie last night to ask you, Bubbles. I knew you wouldn't mind being asked second, because I'm her oldest friend. I had the piece of flowered ribbon away this morning, so that if you wanted it you could have it. You could make a white net skirt to your new waist. It would be awfully pretty with the pink roses."

But Bubbles was looking at her curiously.

"Don't you mind," she asked—"I mean not being bridesmaid?"

"Yes, I do," Alice said, and Bubbles saw that her eyes were full of tears. "But I have to give all of my money to mother now that father is sick and can't work."

"Well, it's a hard old world," Bubbles remarked as they reached the corner where they separated. "If I decide to take the ribbon, Alice, I'll let you know in the morning."

At the next corner Bubbles met Jimmie Bryan.

"Jimmie," she said, with her gray eyes challenging him—"Jimmie, are you going to be best man at Millie's wedding?"

"Sure," answered Jimmie—"cutaway, white flower in my coat and all the rest of the agony."

"And me to walk up the aisle with you?" said Bubbles.

Jimmie looked at her in surprise.

"I thought Alice was going—was going to do it," he said.

"Alice can't get the clothes," Bubbles informed him, "and if I wasn't a selfish pig I'd get them for her, but I want a white feather in my summer hat."

Jimmie hesitated. "Look here, Bubbles," he said a little awkwardly, "ain't there some way you could make Alice think you were getting her dress and let me pay for it? I'd like to do it."

Bubbles caught her breath quickly. "Why, Jimmie!" she said.

Jimmie flushed. "She has an awful hard time," he said.

"Yes, she does," Bubbles agreed abstractedly. She was a little white, but she still smiled at Jimmie.

"So you don't want me to be bridesmaid with you?" she teased, still with a funny catch in her breath.

"Aw, Bubbles," he stammered, "you know I think you're about the nicest thing ever!"

"But you'd rather have Alice walk up the aisle with you," was her quiet reminder.

"I wouldn't," he declared stoutly. "but I'm sorry for Alice."

"Of course," Bubbles agreed, and then she went on to plan. "I could get her the things and tell her the money had come to me unexpectedly."

"I am afraid that wouldn't do," was Jimmie's worried response. "She'd feel as if she had to pay it back. You get the things and send them to her and don't have any mark on the box, and she'll never know where they came from."

"Well, I can't get the things,"

talked about," Bubbles said, "or she would know right away. Do you care how much you spend, Jimmie?"

"No," he told her with the recklessness of the skilled laborer who earns his \$3 a day; "no, I don't."

"Then I'll get a robe dress of pink mull with a wreath of silver roses. She'll look like a dream, Jimmie."

"I hope she will," Jimmie said, and Bubbles sighed.

"Goodby, Jimmie," she said as she came to the tenement where she lived on the third floor.

He looked at her anxiously. "You're not cut up about not being bridesmaid, are you?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No," she answered bravely.

"Well, you're pretty nice, Bubbles," he said heartily, and then he went on his way.

When Bubbles reached home she took out her hoarded store of money. With what she would add on her next pay day she would have \$10, and she could buy the hat with the white feather.

She fingered the money for a moment, and then she dropped her head on her arm with a sob, for Bubbles had wanted that hat to wear to church on Sunday morning when she sang in the choir with Jimmie Bryan. It had been for Jimmie's admiration that she had craved the pretty hat. And, after all, it was Alice that Jimmie cared for.

Two days later Alice came to her counter breathlessly.

"Oh, Bubbles," she said, "such a wonderful thing has happened!"

"What?" asked Bubbles innocently.

And then Alice told her of the wonderful gown and the dainty accessories that had come the night before in a big box.

"I can't imagine who sent them."

"It must have been a fairy godmother," said Bubbles demurely.

"And now I can be Millie's bridesmaid," caroled Alice when she had exhausted all her conjectures as to the giver. "You won't mind, will you, Bubbles?"

"No," said Bubbles steadily.

And as she said needles and pins and hooks and eyes and whalebones and a hundred and one other things that day she told herself that she did not care. Why should she want to walk beside Jimmie Bryan when he preferred to have Alice?

She passed the window with the hat with the white feather that night without a glance, and on Sunday she wore a plain little black sailor with a cheap red rose, and she looked prettier than ever in it.

"Alice thinks you're a fairy godmother," she told Jimmie after service.

"Say, did she like it?" he demanded.

"Of course she did," said Bubbles. "Who wouldn't?"

But Jimmie did not answer immediately. He stood looking down at her. "Say, little girl," he said presently, "you look mighty nice in that hat."

"It cost just \$1.98," Bubbles informed him glibly, "marked down from \$2."

"I don't care what it cost," Jimmie stated. "You look mighty nice."

Bubbles couldn't resist saying, "But not half as nice as Alice will in that pink robe."

"Bubbles, I believe you're jealous," flashed Jimmie unexpectedly.

Bubbles' cheeks flamed. "Why, Jimmie Bryan!" she faltered.

"Look here," Jimmie demanded, "did you think I was in love with Alice?"

Under his keen scrutiny Bubbles was forced to admit, "I couldn't very well help it, could I?"

"I was afraid you would," Jimmie said, "that day when I planned to get her the things, but I had promised. Oh, look here, Bubbles, you come out to the park with me, and I'll tell you about it."

And all the way to the park Bubbles' heart sang, and she seemed to walk on air, and she was glad that she hadn't bought the hat with the white feather. She was glad she hadn't been extravagant, for Jimmie seemed to like her just as well in the black sailor with the red rose.

In the park the beds were full of jonquils and tulips and hyacinths and crocuses, and under the dowering almond tree Jimmie and Bubbles sat down to talk.

"You see," Jimmie explained, "there's Bob Travers, and he's in the navy, and he's away on a three years' cruise, and he made me promise that I'd look after Alice—they've been in love with each other since they were kids—and when Alice's father got sick I tried to help, but they wouldn't let me, and it seemed as if getting her the dress would be what Bob would want me to do, and now he's going to get home in time for the wedding, and I told Millie she'd have to have him for best man."

"Oh," cried Bubbles, aglow with happiness.

"And then I told her how much I thought of you, and she wants us to be in the wedding party, and—Oh, well, look here, Bubbles," and in the shadow of the flowering almond he held out his arms.

And Bubbles, having wept a little weep of joy on his broad shoulder, sat up and wiped her eyes. "Ain't I glad I didn't spend all my money for that feather, Jimmie?" she said. "I'll get the white net skirt and wear the rose but ribbon!"

"And a diamond ring," interrupted Jimmie.

"A diamond ring! What for?" demanded Bubbles.

"Because we're engaged," said Jimmie rapturously.

Economy Begins at Home.

"I hear you're teaching your son to play draw poker. Do you think that wise?"

"Certainly. He's bound to learn from some one. If he learns from me it keeps the money in the family."—New York Life.

WARNED BY SPECTERS

One Person's Three Experiences With Ghosts.

THE SPIRIT OF HIS SISTER.

How an Apparition From the Unseen World Aided the Brother in Deciding an Important Legal Question—The Phantom on the Grave.

Three times in my life, each instance separated by an interval of years, have the experiences here told been mine.

I come of a family to different members of which have become visible at times those appearances which for want of a better name are known as "ghosts." It is at least possible that the superstition regarding the second sight of one born with a veil may have some foundation in scientific fact, for my uncle was thus veiled at birth, and all his life from infancy vacant space was peopled to him with forms, which he would describe so accurately in dress, appearance and manner that listeners would instantly recognize departed friends, gone over years before my uncle's birth in many instances.

It was not till he was a large boy that he realized that the forms seen by him were not visible to others. Pages could be written of his experiences, but I am not here to give hearsay evidence, but my own personal experiences, the sights seen with my own bodily vision.

The first instance was so early in my life that I do not recall it, but my mother relates the circumstances.

Our home was in Brooklyn, and we had gone for the summer to Greenfield Hill, Conn. I was so young that I still wore dresses and was in charge of a nursemaid who was in the habit of receiving visits from Annie, a girl of her own class, so that I was well acquainted with Annie.

She died suddenly and was buried in the country churchyard, but I was not told of her death, being considered too young to understand.

As I walked with my nurse past the cemetery one evening in the edge of dusk her superstitious horror can be imagined when I cried, pointing directly to Annie's grave: "Oh, Maggie, there is Annie! She is waving her hand for us to come over to her!" I broke away from my nurse and ran to the cemetery fence. She caught me up and ran in a panic to the house, nor would she ever again pass the cemetery after dark.

The only idea in my mind was that of a familiar friend whom I had not seen for some time.

The second instance was at the most unromantic age possible to a boy—about thirteen. I was attending boarding school in Dedham, Mass.

A school friend, a boy of about my age, had left the school some days before for his home in the West, leaving in perfect health.

At about 9 in the evening I sat on the edge of the bed removing my shoes when the wall of the room seemed to part and open, showing the night outside, with the dim forms of the trees gently waving in the wind. As I sat spellbound at this strange sight in the rift of the wall against the background of the night stood my friend as I had last seen him, just as in life. He waved his hand to me in token of farewell, stood looking at me a moment, and gently the vision faded.

I said to my roommate, who had seen nothing: "Charlie is dead. I have just seen him." The next morning a telegram to the school said that he had died the night preceding.

In the third instance I had grown to manhood—a normal, healthy man, over six feet tall and weighing nearly 200 pounds. I am a civil engineer, the hardy outdoor life being far removed from dreams and morbid imaginings.

It was on one occasion necessary for me to consult a lawyer, and one evening I met the lawyer in his Boston office to talk over a matter of business. In the course of the conversation he asked me a question which I was undecided about answering. I stopped a moment before replying, for consideration, lowering my eyes, and, when I raised them, there stood behind the attorney a favorite sister, dead many years.

Her eyes were fixed on mine, her fingers on her lips. I instantly absorbed the idea conveyed by her suggestive pose and did not give the lawyer the information he asked. As it afterward proved, it was greatly to my interest not to do so.

The lawyer shivered slightly as the vision stood behind his chair and said that there was a draft through the room.

He never knew that the sensation of cold conveyed to his nervous system was a breath from an unseen world.

Science has proved that light, sound and color are all the results of vibration of greater or less rapidity. Some of these vibrations affect our senses and we see, hear or feel their effects. But what of the vast space filled with those vibrations which affect none of our senses, yet are unknown to science? Could our senses respond to them what secrets of the unseen might not be revealed, and who can say but secret of these strange sights?

sometimes greet the eye of a hidden in this unknown realm vibrations, biding a world about us, mingling with the common humdrum of our life in rare moments of vision, showing the veil aside, and revealing the unknown.

The Ladies' and Children's Ready-to-Wear Department

OFFERS GREAT INDUCEMENTS

Sailor Suits and Jumper
Dresses for girls 6 to 14.
Worth \$1.50 for .69c

Blue and pink gingham
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These are bargains that
should appeal to all moth-
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weather when such bar-
gains are to be had.

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coats—black and white
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Ladies' Jumper Dresses,
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Ladies' white Duck and
Linen Skirts for . . . \$1.00

Children's White Lawn
Dresses, handsomely
made and trimmed at
nearly half price.

Ladies' Dressing Sacques
made of neat figured
lawn, well made and
shaped. The price is low
at 50c

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Waist for 75c

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tucks in lace—splendid
fitting waist and only 65c

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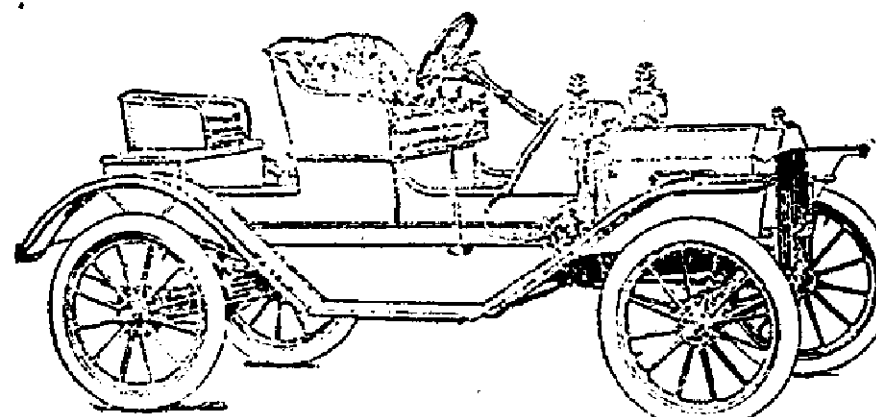
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FOUR CYLINDERS, 15-18 H. P.—40 MILES AN HOUR, 30 x 3 TIRES, EQUIPPED
WITH 3 LAMPS, HORN AND STORAGE BATTERY.

Guards that entirely protect you from the mud.

This is the BEST Runabout FORD ever offered, and FORD always had the BEST
for the money.

The FORD is built for hard service on American roads. Our demonstrations are
not confined to Brussels Carpet tests, but we invite the most rigid scrutiny on every
part. Write or phone for demonstration.

We have a good proposition to make to a live agent in your city.
Write for particulars.

Rescent Automobile Co.

2-14 Baum Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Phone 480 Highland

ANIMAL LEGENDS.

The Buzz of the Mosquito and the
Swallow's Forked Tail.

In Palestine, where several religions
exist side by side, legends have crossed
and intermingled in such a way as to
make a distinct folklore. A collection
of stories from "Folklore in the Holy
Land," by the Rev. J. E. Hanauer,
contains many Bible legends in new
forms and with humorous additions.
One explains how the mosquito came
to buzz and why the swallow's tail is
forked.

After the fall of man the serpent
missed the reward which the evil one
had promised him—namely, the sweet-
est food in the world. An angel was
appointed to assign to every creature
his food and dwelling place. The ser-
pent asked for human flesh. But Adam
protested and pointed out shrewdly
that as nobody had ever tasted human
flesh it was impossible to maintain
that it was the most luscious of food.
"I have gained a year's respite for the
race."

Meanwhile the mosquito was sent
round the world with instructions to
taste and report upon the blood of ev-
ery living creature. At the end of
twelve months it was to report in open
court the result of its researches.

Now, Adam had a friend in that sa-
cred bird the swallow, which annually
makes a pilgrimage to Mecca and all
holy places. This bird shadowed the
mosquito all the twelve months until
the day of the decision. Then as the
insect was on its way to the court the
swallow met it openly and asked what
flesh and blood it had found sweetest.

"Man's," replied the mosquito.
"What?" asked the swallow. "Please
say it again, for I am rather deaf."
On this the mosquito opened its
mouth wide to shout, and the swallow
darted in its bill and plucked out the
insect's tongue.

They then proceeded to the court,
where all living creatures were assem-
bled to hear the decision. On being
asked the outcome of its investigation
the mosquito, which could now only
buzz, was unable to make itself under-
stood, and the swallow, pretending to
be its spokesman, declared that the
insect had said that it had found the
blood of the frog the most delicious.
Sentence was therefore given that
frogs, not men, should be the serpent's
food.

In its rage and disappointment the
serpent darted forward to destroy the
swallow. But the bird was too quick;
the serpent succeeded only in biting
some feathers out of the middle of the
swallow's tail.

This is why swallows have forked
tails.

EASY PHYSICAL CULTURE.

How One May Promote Good Health
Without Expense.

First of all, there is the sensible use
of the odd moments of the day. For
example, I must go out to my work in
the city; I must get up from my chair
after or at intervals during my work; I
must go upstairs. Here are the oppor-
tunities:

During the wash I can rub myself
well all over my skin. Having used
the warm water and soap and warm
water again, I can dip my hands in
cold water and then give my skin a
capital friction with the palms of my
hands. This will afford excellent ex-
ercise for the arms and shoulders and,
when I stoop, for the trunk muscles.
It will clean me, will help to harden
and invigorate me and will make my
hands and my whole body glow de-
lightfully. It will need scarcely any
extra time.

When I go out into the street, and
indeed whenever I go out, I can take
two extra deep and full breaths of
fresh air in through the nostrils. And
I can repeat this wonderfully healthy
practice whenever I wait at a crossing,
whenever I wait at a stall, and just before
I go into any building from the street,
and also before any important work
or interview, and, of course, the first
thing in the morning and the last thing
at night. Here there is not one mo-
ment of extra time demanded, but
there is so much effective but easy
physical culture that at the end of a
year the improvement in the breathing
capacity, the endurance, the vigor, the
complexion and even in the control of
the temper may be almost beyond be-
lief. And, best of all, the automatic
habit of fuller and more rhythmic in-
halations may be firmly fixed.—Eus-
tace Miles in Metropolitan Magazine.

The Dear Old Days.

Touched by his sad story, a Harris-
burg woman recently furnished a meal
to a melancholy looking hobo who had
applied therefor at the back door.

"Why do you stick out the middle
finger of your left hand so straight
while you are eating?" asked the com-
passionate woman. "Was it ever broken?"

"No, mum," answered the hobo, with
a snuffle. "But during my boyhood
days I wore a diamond ring on that
finger, and old habits are hard to break,
mum."—Harper's Weekly.

The Candidate's Course.

"When a candidate thinks he's right
he must stick to his belief."

"But supposing all his constituents
think differently?"

"In that case he must show his true
greatness by casting aside all personal
bias and emphatically assuming that a
majority cannot be wrong."—Cleveland
Plain Dealer.

Everybody Pleased.

Deacon—Are you willing to go? Un-
popular Citizen (dying)—Oh, yes; I am.
Deacon—Well, I'm glad you are, for
that makes it unanimous.—Judge.

Love your neighbor, but don't pull
down the fence.—German Proverb.

PERSONAL MENTION

Thomas Barger spent Saturday and
Sunday in Waynesburg with friends.

Ralph Bayne was a visitor at his
home in Waynesburg over Sunday.

Sylvester Taseo has left for Harris-
burg for a brief visit.

Miss Catherine Keil of Pittsburg
was in Charleroi yesterday calling on
friends.

Guy C. Will, of Monongahela was
calling on friends in Charleroi yester-
day.

Miss Anna Shepler visited H. B.
Staver at the Mercy Hospital yester-
day.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Marley of
Toronto, O., are visiting at the home
of Mrs. Marley's parents.

Mr. L. C. Willard of North Side,
Pittsburg, is spending a few days with
her sister, Mrs. R. L. Hormell, of
Prospect avenue.

Bruce Barnett left last evening for
his two week's vacation. He will
visit friends in Eastern cities, Phila-
delphia, New York and Boston.

The Methodist Episcopal Sunday
school of this place has organized a
Sunday school orchestra. It will play
for the first time next Sunday, July
13.

Misses Sadie Mellroy and Bee
Welsh of Youngstown, Ohio, are
guests of Miss Celia McDermott of
Meadow avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. G. May Hill, Miss
Nell Jessop, John and Thomas Mc-
Dermott of Munhall were visitors here
at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas
McDermott Sunday.

Miss Mabel Mountsier has left for
New York to resume work in a school
there after spending a few weeks in
Charleroi with her parents.

Vernon Shannon, who is a student
at Lehigh University has returned
home to spend the summer vacation.

Albert Manka, for several years a
prominent organizer of the United
Mine Workers, was calling on friends
in Charleroi Saturday. He has been
through many exciting adventures.

THE CHARLEROI MAIL WANT COLUMN

ONE CENT PER WORD each
insertion if PAID IN ADVANCE.
No ad. taken for less than 25
cents. This rate includes Lost, For
Rent, For sale, Found, Wanted, Etc.

FOR RENT—Three rooms with bath
and all modern conveniences. Inquire
327 Fallowfield avenue. 255tf

CARDS—Call and see our samples
of stylish calling cards. Printed or
engraved. Charleroi Mail. 134 tf

FOR SALE—Small confectionery
in nearby mining town. Address Con-
fectioner, Mail Office. 6644p

WANTED—Girl for general house-
work. Apply 325 Washington ave-
nue. 2776f

WANTED—Everybody to know that
the Mail takes orders for high class
engraving of calling cards and in-
vitations. 143tf

FOR RENT—Flat in Schuyler Build-
ing McKean Avenue. Third floor
front. All conveniences. Inquire
George Schuyler's Office. 254tf

WANTED—Stone mason at once.
Brownsville Construction Co., Browns-
ville, Pa. 28016p

The Proof of the Pudding.

Nearly all fire insur-
ance policies are dressed
alike.

They are mostly
gaily lithographed fel-
lows filled with many
"aforesaid" and
"hereinafters."

They all promise you
the same thing—pro-
tection.

The proof that the
promise is protection
lies in the past record
and present condition
of the issuing company.

Our policies are
backed by companies
that have been tried
and proven.

ED. C. DRUM

Reliable Fire Insurance

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A First Class Music Store

Charleroi has a music store where everything that's musical is
sold. It may be a piano, or it may be a violin, or phonograph. We
can furnish it. We handle such a large quantity of musical goods,
the scope of our business is so large, that we are always able to make
prices the lowest and terms the easiest. Post yourself on the fine lists
we handle in pianos and you will understand why it is unnecessary
for anybody to go outside of Charleroi to buy.

W. F. Frederick Music Co.,
J. J. KING, Retail Manager, Fallowfield Ave.



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PLUMBING AND
GAS FITTING

Gas Ranges and Chandeliers,
Garden Hose and Gas Hose

Masonic Building
Charleroi, Pa.

Buy Green Goods at Masters'

We are handling so much in the line of green goods
that you are always sure of your purchases being fresh.
When thinking about something dainty and nice for the
table don't forget that we are always glad to send little
purchases to the house in time for the next meal.

J. E. MASTERS & CO.

Fourth St. and Fallowfield Ave.

Charleroi, Pa.

Watch This Space for
Announcement

BASEBALL

Charleroi Base Ball Park

SCOTTTDALE

VS.

CHARLEROI

July 6, 7 and 8

Thursday Ladies Admitted Free.

THE CHARLEROI MAIL

Published weekly except on Sundays at Charleroi, Pa., according to Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

VOL. 8 No. 281

CHARLEROI, WASHINGTON CO., PA., MONDAY, JULY 6, 1908

One Cent

FALLS OFF BOAT INTO RIVER AND IS DROWNED

While wrestling on "The Gazelle," a small steamer on the Monongahela river about two miles below Fredericktown Saturday night about 9 o'clock, George Davis, of Zollarsville, and a man named Murphy fell overboard. Davis was drowned and Murphy was rescued only after great difficulty.

The men were engaged in a friendly boat when the accident occurred. As they in their contortions frequently neared the edge of the craft. When they plunged into the river a boat was immediately lowered, but it was too late. Neither of the men could swim, but one of the rescuers finally managed to seize hold of Murphy and held him from sinking until assistance was at hand.

Young Davis went down before he could be reached and his body was not recovered until yesterday. It was found near the spot where the unfortunate young man sank.

COMPANY A. OF NATIONAL GUARD MAY LOCATE HERE

It is possible that a company of the National Guard may be located in Charleroi, it being reported that Company A which has been stationed at Monongahela is to be removed, and Charleroi as well as other towns are trying hard to land it. Donora and West Elizabeth are two of the towns named who want the company.

It is stated by those who have given the matter some attention that Charleroi might land the company if the proper effort were made. There are a number of young fellows here who are splendidly equipped to become members, and no difficulty would be experienced in seeing the organization recruited up to a high standard. The location of the company here would give an opportunity to get a State armory building, which it is stated Monongahela has never been able to accomplish for some unexplained reasons. The company would give the town some additional prestige, and a little military pomp would add color and tone to the civic and public demonstration for which the Magic City is famous. An armory building would be an additional point, in favor of a county seat when the new county of Knox is organized.

Rise of Little Benefit.

While there was a rising tendency on the local rivers yesterday, due to recent rains, the increase did not amount to anything and was of little benefit to rivermen. Very little boat movement took place, and even the excursion business was light. The heat and atmospheric stillness served to keep many persons away from the water during the day, but in the evening they appeared in pleasure craft.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Chalfant and baby Alvera, of Fallowfield avenue returned Saturday from near Streator, Ill., where they visited Mrs. Edith Reeves.

WANTED—A middle aged woman for general work in kitchen, at the Saxon Cafe, 421 McKean avenue. 2811f.

Annual Clearance Sale of Fine China, Cut Glass, and Silverware. Watch window for Sale Prices. Laird's, 519 McKean avenue. 28012.

Your Bank and Adviser

We invite you to seek our advice on financial business and investment matter, as well as making us the safe custodian of your funds. The accounts of merchants, manufacturers, firms and individuals invited.

4 per cent Interest Paid on Savings Accounts
First National Bank
Charleroi, Pa.

Depository for the State of Pennsylvania.

J. H. Taylor, Pres. F. B. Newton, Vice-Pres. R. H. Rush, Cashier.

You Can Safely and Conveniently Bank With Us by Mail

CHARLEROI DIVIDES WITH UNIONTOWN

Charleroi won the morning game from Uniontown, July 4th, by superior playing and consistent hitting, coupled with the pitching of Willis Humphries, who held the Uniontowners down to five hits. The game was a nice one, and intensely interesting. It was Charleroi's turn to start.

When Nally, the first up, connected went to second on Cosgrove's sacrifice and scored when Dunn knocked out a two bagger. In the fifth two more runs were added on two hits and an error. Uniontown's hits were much scattered, and all for one base. Gillingham disputed umpire Holland's decision at second in the first and was benched for the remainder of the game.

The tale of the afternoon game is a little different. Ben Humphries pitched good ball for Charleroi, but pitched hits in the first, second and third innings proved his undoing. But for the poor fielding back of Kruger, he would have had a shutout. Scores: Morning game.

CHARLEROI	R	H	P	A	E
Nally, r	1	1	1	0	0
Cosgrove, 2	1	1	2	4	1
O'Hare, m	1	1	2	0	0
Dunn, c	2	3	3	0	0
Robb, 1	0	1	1	0	0
Heinz, 2	0	0	9	0	1
Dailey, c	0	1	5	0	0
Urban, 3	0	1	2	0	0
W. Humphries, p	4	1	3	0	0
Totals	3	19	24	12	2

UNIONTOWN	R	H	P	A	E
Roberts, m-2	0	1	2	2	0
Gilligan, 2	0	1	2	3	0
Frankenberg, c	0	0	0	0	0
Hilley, 2	0	2	2	0	0
Rudolph, 1	0	1	3	0	0
Phillips, r	0	0	2	0	0
Cowan, s	0	0	1	1	0
Price, 1	0	0	5	0	1
Reoman, c-m	0	0	3	0	0
Yocet, p	0	0	0	0	1
Totals	0	6	21	9	2

CHARLEROI	R	H	P	A	E
Nally, r	0	1	1	0	0
Cosgrove, 2	0	1	3	0	0
O'Hare, m	0	1	0	0	0
Dunn, c	0	2	1	3	1
Robb, 1	0	0	3	0	0
Heinz, 1	1	1	13	0	0
May, c	0	0	3	0	0
Urban, 3	0	0	1	0	0
B. Humphries, p	0	2	1	4	0
Totals	1	7	24	10	1

UNIONTOWN	R	H	P	A	E
Gilligan, 2	2	1	3	3	0
Hilley, 3	0	0	0	1	0
Rudolph, 1	1	1	0	0	0
Phillips, r	0	2	0	0	0
Roberts, m	1	1	2	0	0
Cowan, s	0	0	1	5	1
Price, 1	0	0	13	0	0
Redman, c	0	2	4	0	0
Kruger, p	0	0	4	3	0
Totals	4	7	27	12	2

CHARLEROI	R	H	P	A	E
Nally, r	0	0	0	0	0
Cosgrove, 2	0	0	0	0	0
O'Hare, m	0	0	0	0	0
Dunn, c	0	0	0	0	0
Robb, 1	0	0	0	0	0
Heinz, 1	0	0	0	0	0
May, c	0	0	0	0	0
Urban, 3	0	0	0	0	0
B. Humphries, p	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	0	0	0	0	0

UNIONTOWN	R	H	P	A	E
Gilligan, 2	2	1	3	3	0
Hilley, 3	0	0	0	1	0
Rudolph, 1	1	1	0	0	0
Phillips, r	0	2	0	0	0
Roberts, m	1	1	2	0	0
Cowan, s	0	0	1	5	1
Price, 1	0	0	13	0	0
Redman, c	0	2	4	0	0
Kruger, p	0	0	4	3	0
Totals	4	7	27	12	2

Hayden.
M. J. Hayden, of Finleyville, a well known hotel proprietor died last evening at 11 o'clock at the Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh. The funeral services will be held Wednesday at the St. Francis church, Finleyville.

May's Cemetery, Pittsburgh, where the interment will be.

Mr. Hayden is one of the hotel proprietors who were thrown out of a license last fall by the court.

Read The Mail

MAY BE AN ATTEMPT TO BLACKMAIL

Charles N. Yohe, a well known lumber contractor of Monongahela was held under \$1000 bail by Alderman Day of that place at a hearing Friday evening, the charge being a serious one, preferred by Bit Wemes, a tailor employed at La Field's clothing store.

It is stated that on Thursday Yohe went to the home of Mrs. Ojon on Fourth street, when she was the only one present. A neighbor woman said she heard her scream and run into the place just in time to see Yohe going out the back door. Mrs. Ojon was crying. Mrs. Ojon made information before Mayor Ellwood on Monongahela, and Yohe was arrested but the affair was settled before it went to a hearing. Wemes, who is a brother of Mrs. Ojon, said of the occurrence and brought suit before Alderman Day, with the result of Yohe's being held.

Mrs. Ojon was examined by a doctor who stated that the woman was only frightened. The friends of the accused man regard the affair as an attempt at blackmail.

Coming to an Understanding. In the morning of the 4th of July they were discussing the national affairs of a couple who had recently wed, and had been to the pole of Bremen a wedding.

"This all along of these heavy marriages," quipped the couple, "I mean, who had been much to the fore in the discussion 'They did not understand each other. They'd better know each other for a matter of sex and fear.'"

He Writ.
A well known dramatic critic visiting Stratford on Shakespeare's birthday and, hearing the clangor of the bells which, from the tower in the old church where the poet lies buried, avoke the little town to its devotions, approached a busy headed street sweeper in front of Irving's inn and said: "Who is the fellow they're making this fuss about? I see you have Shakespeare hotels. Shakespeare gingerbread, and only the other day I saw a man driving to town some pigs called 'Shakespeare's best.' Who is he—the fellow who lived in that tumble-down shanty yonder?" The "oldest inhabitant" megaphoned his ear and wheezing replied: "I think he writ." "Oh, he writ, did he? What did he write—books, confessions of a deer stealer, magazine articles—what?" "I think he writ for the Bible."

A Decorated Interior.
Mrs. Graham is an estimable lady whose hobby is house decoration. One day the lady was careless enough to drink a glass of red ink, believing it to be claret. She was a good deal scared when she discovered her mistake, but no harm came to her. The doctor who was summoned, upon hearing what had happened, dryly remarked to her: "Mrs. Graham, there's such a thing as pushing this rage for decorated interiors too far."—Argonaut.

Memory Training.
If men only realized how great an asset to life is a retentive memory they would take care to see that their children's were properly trained. The simplest method consists in learning every day a few lines by heart. None of our faculties can be trained so easily as that of memory.—Stuttgart Familienblatt.

Her Choice.
"What would you do, dear, if I were to die?" asked Mrs. Darley fondly. "I don't know," replied Darley thoughtfully. "Which is your choice—burial or cremation?"—London Mail.

A Surgical Operation.
The customer raised his hand, and the barber, pausing in the operation of shaving him, inclined his head. "Give me gas," said the customer.—London Globe.

Find the cause of each wrinkle on a man's face, and you will find it was put there by worrying over something that worrying could not help.—Atlantic.

NO ACCIDENTS IN CHARLEROI TO MAR ENJOYMENT OF 4TH

The Fourth of July passed off quietly in Charleroi, there being few occurrences to mar the enjoyment of the day. Not a single accident so far as can be learned was reported as occurring within the city limits, the reason perhaps being that the information issued on Thursday by Eugene Hott was followed by celebrators. One man was arrested for firing a shot gun on the evening of July 3rd.

During the day there were nine accidents. The first occurred on the hill near the coal tipple between two foreigners, John Poppovick and Mike Siprock being the principals. Both had a little of the fuzzy wuzzy bug juice tanked in their tanks, and when the latter went to the home of Poppovick at 9 o'clock in the evening it was a simple matter to start a quarrel and momentarily a fight. Siprock had one eye closed in the racket and was generally bruised.

They were arrested Sunday and at a hearing the former was fined \$1.00 and costs and the latter \$5. Luther Brown, John L. Redd and Simpson White, all colored were arrested Saturday night while getting ready to fight. They were at a pool room on McKean avenue and an argument arose. Someone suggested fight and cut they went to seek a suitable place. Being rather boisterous, they were heard by the police, who pulled the trio. At a subsequent hearing each were fined \$1 and costs.

At Belle Vernon, the Fourth was a strenuous day, but, serious accidents, and fires resulting.

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He made a big cracker, lit the fuse and threw it down. It went out, he thought, but just as he picked it up to have a look it exploded. His right hand was blown off, his left leg was punctured in two places, and his chest and face are full of pieces of powder. He was removed to Mercy hospital, Pittsburgh.

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Cous Wilson, negro, and Sam Lurie, Italian were arrested for holding on the racket and was generally bruised. Antur Koudoz, an Austrian, on the street car line, right in the middle of Belle Vernon, and taking from him a pair of shoes and some money.

A skyrocket Saturday night set fire to the residence of Elmer J. Guiler, on Linton avenue, Belle Vernon. It dug in under the shingles of the roof and the blaze had a pretty good start before it was discovered. The volunteer fire company finally extinguished the blaze.

The residence of Mrs. Alison C. Reppert was set on fire about midnight by a skyrocket. The fire was discovered by some neighbors, who awakened the sleeping family and extinguished the blaze before it had made much headway.

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July 6 in History.

1802—General Daniel Morgan, Amer-
ican Revolutionary hero, died; born
1738.
1835—John Marshall, noted chief jus-
tice of the United States, died in
Philadelphia; born 1755.
1886—Guy de Maupassant, a master in
the French school of naturalistic
writers, died in Paris; born 1859.
1905—The remains of Paul Jones for-
mally delivered to the United States
government by France.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Sun sets 7:30, rises 4:32, moon sets
12:03 a. m., moon's age 9 days, 5:25
p. m., eastern time, moon at first quar-
ter; 10 p. m., planet Neptune in con-
junction with the sun, changing from
east to west, 6 a. m., planet Uranus at
opposition with the sun, 180 degrees
distant.

Another "Device."

A few weeks ago the Courts of
Washington county, in an opinion
delivered on the sale of liquor said
"The beer agent was merely a device
to evade the law and thenceforth out-
let that should be prosecuted. The beer
agent in consequence thereof fled in
what Rufus Choate called "terrific and
tumultuous haste" from Washington
county. There are other "devices" it
seems.

May it please the honorable Court,
a newspaper of general circulation in
Washington county, controlled by
Congressman Acheson, stated in the
most positive manner that several coal
companies in Washington county owned
and conducted supply stores in open
and direct defiance of company store
Act 1931.

The newspaper went further than
that. It stated as plainly as language
can state anything that these supply
stores were "devices to evade the law
and in them have faced swindles and
extortions are habitually practiced up-
on innocent and unsophisticated people.
The statements were direct, positive
assertions accompanied by names and
places and acts. There cannot be the
slightest doubt of whom are doing
these unlawful acts or where they
are done—nothing was left to guess
work.

In addition the same newspaper
printed an illustration showing a state
of affairs on Chartiers creek, which
has all of the elements necessary to
create an epidemic of typhoid fever in
this county.

Almost any one has the courage to
kick a howling cur running and yelp-
ing down the street but it is an entire-
ly different proposition to attempt to
take a bone away from a growling bull
dog. Now the state of affairs set forth
in Congressman Acheson's paper are
either true or false. It is the sworn
duty of the Courts of any county to
investigate charges made by responsible
parties and to state the facts as they
publicly stated to exist in Washington
county. You have the power to em-
panel a special Grand Jury to investi-
gate and indict any person or persons
who are acting publicly stated to be
done by the coal companies

of Washington county.

If you desire the aid of the State,
you have an advantage in that the com-
plaintant Mr. Carson is no longer At-
torney General to render your attorney
advisive by an opinion about the
citizens," as he did in the case from
Fayette county against the Frick Su-
ply stores.

The good name of Washington coun-
ty demands the truth or falsity of the
charges made in Congressman Acheson's
paper be cleared up. If true, it pun-
ishes the perpetrators; if false, it
transfer the stigma where it belongs.
The responsibility for doing this rests
upon our county courts and no one
else. They have shown that they have
power to demolish one "device" for
evading one law and by analogy
they must have the power to squelch
another kind of "device to evade" an
other law. That is to say, they have
kicked the cur they must also take
the bone from the bulldog.

Was Done Before

The canalization of the Youghio-
gheny river has but one objection
offered to it and that objection is the
rapid fall of the river for a short dis-
tance above West Newton.

It does not seem possible that the
engineers of today are less bold in
conception and execution than those of
the early years of the last century.
For instance, the distance between
Horseshoe, N. Y., and Seneca Lake,
is about twelve miles. The difference
in elevation between them is approx-
imately eight hundred feet. About
sixty years ago a canal was built and
successfully operated between the two
places for many years and millions of
tons of coal were shipped on it. It was
finally abandoned some years ago
when the coal companies built a rail-
road between Corning and Syracuse.

It is safe to say that there is not that
much fall in the Youghio-gheny river
between McKeesport and the West
Virginia line. The project of the
project to canalize the river will have
to raise some stronger objection than
that of too much grade before they can
hope to successfully combat it.

The recent shipments by water from
manufacturing plants in Charleroi and
near by towns are but a drop in the
bucket compared to what will follow
when a nine foot stage is established
between Pittsburg and Cairo.

A Great Loss.

The death of Joel Chandler Harris,
Uncle Remus, is a great loss to all
who love animals and clean, whole-
some merry tales about them. Nor
since the days of Aesop has any writer
even approached Uncle Remus. His
tales of Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox are
immortal and will never cease to
amuse and charm.

Short Arm Jolt.

Your Uncle Guffey may be a dis-
turber and all that and then some but
he certainly landed a short arm jolt on
the Peerless One's midriff that put him
down for the count in the estimation
of all who believe that "ingratitude
is the basest of all crimes."

Stirred Them Up.

Did you ever go near a setting hen
and see her feathers ruffle and hear her
querulous protests when you disturbed
her? Well, that is what the Wash-
ington boro hen done when the Charle-
roi Mirror said "new county"

At Long Range.

"I see you read a great deal of min-
ing literature."
"Yes."
"Did you ever go prospecting for
gold?"
"No; I can lose enough time and
money merely prospecting."—Wash-
ington Star.

The Spare Room.

Like Bluebeard's secret chamber locked
up tight,
Kept all the year without a speck of
light,
A perfectly imperial spare bed,
With downy pillows and a snowy spread,
A gorgeous bureau refulgent of pine,
A couch on which "twere barbarous to re-
cline,
Some chairs that cost—well, goodness
knows the sum,
The furniture upholstered in rich plum—
It's worth your life to even peep in there,
That showy, useless room that's called
"the spare!"
—La Touche Hancock in New York
Press.

Unpoetic.

"Don't you enjoy the glories of sum-
mer?"
"Yes," answered the unpoetic per-
son; "it is something of a comfort to
find the gas bills getting so much
smaller."—Wasp.

The Mood Of a Maid.

By CECILY ALLEN.

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The girl leaned forward after scan-
ning the road in both directions and
touched the chauffeur's arm. The
great crimson car came to a panting,
deliberate standstill.

The girl did not wait for the chauf-
feur to help her, but sprang lightly to
the road and vaulted into the wood-
land on the right. The chauffeur turned
the car as if his thoughts were con-
centrated on the necessity of making
the smallest possible turn in time of
safety, in order to be prepared in time
of emergency. And then the great crimson
car shot back in the direction from
whence it had come.

Safely screened by the underbrush,
the girl found a clearing in the wood-
land and sat down on a moss growth
log. Deftly she unwound the swath-

a face delicate and sensitive as the
anemones opening at her feet.

She drew off her gloves and felt of
the velvet moss on the old log, then
stooped to gather flowers. Finally,
with the blossoms forgotten in her
lap, she leaned forward, her elbows on
her knees, her chin propped in the
palm of her hand, and gazed into the
woodland life around her.

Charming and beautiful, she scanned
along the edge of the clearing. Where
the sun shone upon a tangle of fern
and jack in the pulpit two robins
perched pertly on dry twigs and dis-
cussed the troubles of May morning
day. From the shadows of the wood
beyond came the persistent hammering
of a woodpecker.

Beyond the screen of underbrush
automobiles and smart turnouts spun
on toward the race track, where the world
of fashion was foregathering. An hour
passed, and then at the distant wall of
a peculiar siren whistle the girl sprang
to her feet, dropped her lapful of flow-
ers and ran to the roadside.

Beating down upon her was a crimson
car, twin of the one which had
dropped her so unceremoniously an
hour earlier.

But the resemblance stopped with
the car. The chauffeur in the first car
had worn a spick span uniform in tan
color from the tips of his highly polished
boots to the crown of his heavy red
cap. The man in this car wore a dis-
reputable looking storm coat of Eng-
lish cloth, a shabby visor cap and a
pair of goggles which had certainly
seen more prosperous days.

He was scowling along at a fine
pace. But the girl calmly stepped to
the edge of the road and waved a de-
taining hand—a bare hand at that.
The machine slowed down, and the
man made preparations to descend, as
became one hailed by a maiden in dis-
tress. But again the girl raised a de-
taining hand.

"My car met with an accident. I
thought perhaps—I am very anxious to
reach Dalton this afternoon. Perhaps
you were going that way. Would you
give me a lift?"

She looked up eagerly into his start-
led face. Then the man coughed dis-
creetly, swallowed a smile and sprang
from the machine.

"I was on my way to Dalton," he
said, "but I am sure it will be
much more pleasant at—er—was it Dalton
you said?"

The man's accent was English. The
admiration in his eyes was the sort
that knows no nationality. The girl
flushed beneath it and sprang into the
car before the astonished man could
assist her.

For a few minutes the car ran on in
silence. Then the girl spoke abruptly.
"Let us take this crossroad. Then
a mile farther we will strike the old
Dalton turnpike. There we will not
meet."

"I understand," he interrupted grave-
ly. And the great car swerved into
the crossroad, running through a
stretch of woodland.

Again the girl seemed plunged in
thought. But at last the man remark-
ed a bit lamely:

"Perfect day, isn't it?"

The girl looked up at him shyly. Her
eyes were soft and luminous.

"Oh, I have had the most beautiful
hour there in the woods. I've never
seen anything half so wonderful as
these little creatures doing just as they
pleased. Just as soon as the birds
flew off one tree or bush or fern they
flew off to another. They did not mind
me nor each other. Just think of being
like that all your life!"

The man looked at her curiously, as
if she were a new specimen of the
genus feminine and entirely worthy of
deep study.

"It is all so different from what I've
been used to. I wake up knowing that
Marie will be right there with my
porridge. And then will come cards
and mail and flowers and Aunt Mar-
garet. Of course Aunt Margaret is a
dear, but ten years of doing things
right under Aunt Margaret's eyes are
very tiresome. Don't you think so?"

"I am quite sure it must be a terrible
bore," replied the man gravely.

"And then seeing the same people
everywhere you go and being quite
sure that you will see no one that
interests you—"

The man bit his lip at this naive con-
fession.

"Do you know," said the girl, wax-
ing confidential as the car lazed along over
the tree-bung road, "I've always
dreamed of having a man come to re-
scue just like this—a man I have
never known—a man quite differ-

from any of the men I have ever
known." She paused, and the man at her side
studied her with grave eyes.

"Now, there was Bessie Stewart—
she married Jack Coghlan. They'd
gone to kindergarten and dancing
school together. And then she'd gone
to all his college 'proms' and the same
cottolons. Why, it was just like marry-
ing some one who had lived in your
own family all ways.

"And now they're bored to death
with each other. They had a honey-
moon at Monte Carlo, where they had
been the year before on the Borden-
Jones yacht, and they came back to
the same old round of teas and dinners
and dances. There was no romance in
that."

The man shook his head.
"But Harriet, one of our parlor
maids, married a miner way out west.
She met him by answering an adver-
tisement in a matrimonial paper. He
came east after her, and she wrote
Marie that they were awfully happy.
He had never beaten her once."

The man flung back his head and
laughed, and the girl laughed with
him. Then suddenly she clutched his
sleeve.

"You've passed the Dalton turnpike,
and I must be at Stonewold for
lunch."

The man calmly, "I've been out this
way before. Just two miles beyond we
will cross the state line."

"But why? Oh, I must go on to
Stonewold."

The man ignored the remark.

"And across the state line, I under-
stand, there is no need of a license."

"Oh," said the girl, "I don't want
the great car stopped in the arch
of freshly leaved trees."

He flung aside his heavy driving
gloves and took the delicate, sensu-
ous face of the girl between his two hands.
"Will you, dearest?"

Her eyes stopped dancing and turned
wondering under.

"Oh, I hoped you'd understand, but I
didn't dream."

"Will you, dearest?" persisted the
man.

She lowered her long lashes over the
eyes into which he tried so hard to
gaze. Later she murmured from the
shelter of his arms, "But I want to tell
you the truth. Lester I never loved
you till just this minute. And I had
made up my mind that if you did not
understand I would just—"

He threw up the power.

"Let us get across the line quick be-
fore you change your mind."

Hiram Manning, one of the peas-
ants in the new district, pointed to the
beard and regarded the couple doubt-
fully.

"I'd like to oblige you, but this ain't
no Gretta Green, ad—well, I don't
mind relin' you that the girl looks un-
der age."

"But I am not," protested the girl
lambently.

"Not castin' no reflections, ma'am,
but I'd like some proof."

The girl then the man looked at each
other. The girl's troubled glance
turned to the table, and a smile
brightened her face.

"Isn't that proof enough that my
family are waiting?"

She held the paper toward the ju-
stice with the face of a girl peering
straight from the printed page.

The justice looked from the picture
to the girl and his face alternately
flushed and paled.

"Gosh, all hockles, you're Bunker
Clayton's girl and Le-be's!"

"Yes," said the girl, her eyes dan-
cing. "He's Lord Granston. But, in-
deed, he's very nice in spite of the
fact," she added as Justice of the
Peace Manning continued to stare in-
credulously at the man's slim figure in
its disreputable motoring apparel.

"You wait a bit. I'll be right back,"
said the justice, with sudden accession
of spirit, and he started for the door.

The girl and man sprang after him.

"You are not going to telephone to
town—to those wretched reporters.
Please, please, let us be married quite
alone, with just some of your family
for witnesses," cried the girl.

"Yes," added the man nervously.
"We're just run away from all that
sort of thing—piffle, don't you know.
Please let us get away quietly. Don't
telephone. I beg of you."

"Telephone nothing!" exclaimed the
justice heartily. "I'm just going to put
on my Sunday suit. Never expect to
marry a millionaire's girl and a lord
again in my time."

Diverging.

Husband—I'm afraid I'm becoming
cross eyed, my dear. Wife—The ideal
Why do you think that? Husband—
This thing of trying to look at my in-
come and our expenses at the same
time is slowly but surely getting its
work in.—Chicago News.

Caught Him.

Mrs. Hoyle—I've found out where
my husband spends his evenings. Mrs.
Doyle—Where? Mrs. Hoyle—At home.
You see, I had to stay in myself last
night.—Harper's Weekly.

That is every man's country where
he lives best.—Aristophanes.

F. & W. Va. League

Standing of the Clubs.
Uniontown.....34 19 443
Charlottesville.....33 27 440
Clarksburg.....32 26 436
Connellsville.....25 26 430
Fairmont.....26 32 448
Scottsdale.....19 34 356

Saturday's Results.
Charlottesville.....3 Uniontown.....0
Uniontown.....4 Charleroi.....0
Clarksburg.....3 Fairmont.....0
Clarksburg.....8 Fairmont.....3
Connellsville.....6 Scottsdale.....2

Yesterday's Results.
Connellsville.....2 Clarksburg.....1
Uniontown.....4 Fairmont.....2
Scottsdale-Charleroi-Not
scheduled.

Games Today
Scottsdale at Charleroi
Uniontown at Fairmont
Connellsville at Clarksburg

Cause of Giantism.

A learned Italian doctor says that
giantism is a morbid process, a disease
due to an enlargement of a part of the
brain which is endowed with growth

of the brain enlarged, the limbs grew
to an abnormal extent and other phys-
ical changes occurred, the excess of
growth being chiefly in the lower jaw,
the arms and legs. No giant ever at-
tains length of 400. The average life
is only a fraction over twenty years.
Ireland has produced at least four
giants. Most of them died before they
were 1736 the was seven feet five inches in
height. Malin, seven feet six inches; John
Murphy seven feet three inches, and
Charles Byrne, seven feet six inches.
None of them ever reached great men-
tal development.

Old Dances in Old Times.

In Edward Scott's "Dancing in All
Ages" are some curious details about
the dances of old England.

"Joan Sanderson" was a "jolly
dancer" in Mr. Scott's definition for
before it was ended each lady had kissed
all the gentlemen twice, and each man
had been equally enterprising. Mary
Stuart danced the "Volta" though
"not so high and so disposed" as
Elizabeth. In King Charles time peo-
ple danced "Trenchmore," the "Cash-
on Dance," "Oman o' Gashon" and
"Horn o' the Tare."

"As in a Garden Green," "Gathering
of Peasants," "Dances of Pudding"
"Dance o' the Green," "The
Shakespeare House" and "Hate at Thy
Gone and Woman" are dances but
quite so old.

A Tying Moment.

Professor Leopold Schrepper was
called to see the Crown Prince Freder-
ick in 1887 before Sir Morrell Mac-
kenzie had reached San Remo. The
prince, evidently struck at the worst,
turned to Schrepper after the examina-
tion and said, "I request the right as
to my ailment." Schrepper hesitated
and made an effort to direct the con-
versation in another direction, but
Frederick insisted. "I have been
said," and he looked into the
eye. "I ask you to put your hand
to my heart, I have a heart ailment,"
Schrepper's will failed, and he
placed his hand on the prince's heart.
and years after the scene when he re-
called it he spoke of it as the most
painful in his life. He recalled the
crown prince's hand and as he did
he was seized. Then he said "What ter-
rible anguish you are suffering from
a serious complaint and it is possible
that it may develop into a cancerous
but that cannot be determined pos-
itively at this moment." Frederick be-
came deathly pale, but never for a
moment lost his self control and smiled
grimly when he thanked the physician
for his honesty.

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ings are placed in a bank at a
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safeguard against want when
work is not plentiful. Figure
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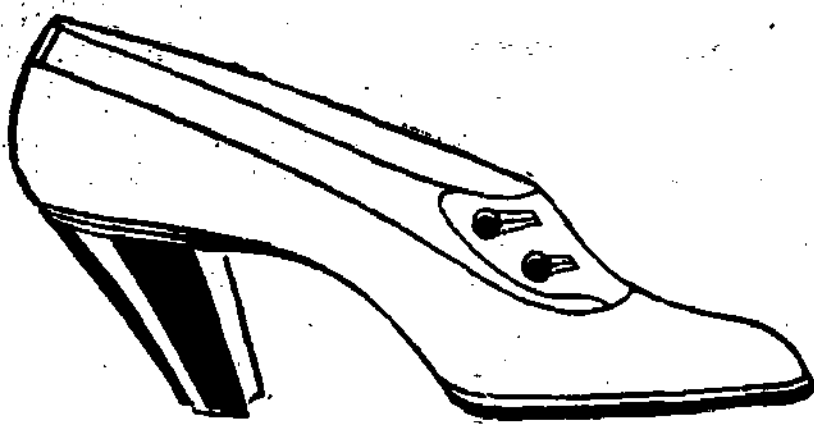
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The Bible's Good Use of Words.
The Bible as a standard for the correct use of words has been urged upon readers by Professor Lounsbury of Yale, writing in Harper's Magazine. "Make up your mind," says Professor Lounsbury, "that the Bible is a guide to be followed grammatically as much as it is morally. The language of our version belongs to the sixteenth century. It therefore naturally contains expressions which, though proper at that time, are not in accord with the common usage of our day. When it was originally translated, which was generally the relative pronoun referring to persons. Hence we say, 'Our Father which art in heaven.' More than this, the subtle distinction found in the employment of shall and will had not then become established in the language. But these do not affect the correctness of its procedure in regard to expressions still met with everywhere. In such cases accept its authority without question and conform your practice with it."

He Went.

Mr. Lingerjung—had a queer adventure this afternoon. Miss de Mair (with a swift glance at the clock)—You mean yesterday afternoon, I presume. —Exchange.

The Grandest.

"What is the grandest thing in the universe?" asks Victor Hugo. "A storm at sea," he answers and continues, "And what is grander than a storm at sea?" "The unclouded heavens on a starry, moonless night." "And what is grander than these midnight skies?" "The soul of man—a spectacular climax such as Hugo loved and still, with all its dramatic effects, the picturesque statement of a vast and sublime and mighty truth."

Crazy.

Wigwag—I believe there's a tinge of insanity in all religious enthusiasts. Heepstock—Yes; take the Mormons, for instance. Any man that wants more than one wife is plumb crazy. —Philadelphia Record.

The Spoor.

"I'm gunning for railroads," announced the trust buster. "Then come with me," whispered the near humorist. "I can show you some of their tracks." —Southwestern's Book.

Beware of the man who does not return your blow; he neither forgives you nor allows you to forgive yourself. —George Bernard Shaw.

Trial Trips.

When a vessel is on her trial trip she runs four times over a measured mile, twice with and twice against the tide. Her average speed is thus arrived at.

The Fairy Godmother.

By JEROME SPRAGUE.

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Bubbles didn't care whether it was appropriate or not; she wanted it, and she was saving up her money to get it. Every morning when she went to the store she found the girls talking of their summer hats.

"What kind are you going to have?" they would ask her, and Bubbles would laugh—the gay bubbling laugh, that had given her her nickname—and would say, "Wait and see, girls; wait and see."

"Oh, piffle!" one of them said on a certain June morning. "I don't believe you're going to get a hat."

"Wait and see; wait and see," said Bubbles provokingly. And then after the store was closed, she went around the corner and looked at the hat with the white feather.

The price was in plain sight—\$10. Bubbles earned \$4 a week. Out of that she paid her mother \$2 for board.

Fifty cents went for car fare, and the rest she had for herself. Since last summer she had managed to save \$8.50, and the other fifty would add the complete amount necessary to buy the hat with the white feather.

She decided to tell Alice Forbes about it. Alice was of the ribbon counter, while Bubbles sold notions. Their acquaintance rose from the fact that they walked home in the same direction.

"I'll have to wear it with all my old blue suit," Bubbles said as she went along. "But I don't care. I've made myself a white belt waist, and it's awfully becoming."

"Ten dollars is a lot for a hat," Alice said quietly.

But Bubbles laughed, with her head fang up and her bright eyes shining. "Oh, what's the use of living," she said, "if a girl can't have something pretty now and then?"

Alice nodded. Her blue eyes were wistful. "That's what I think," she said. "Now, there's a remnant of ribbon at my counter. It's white, with bunches of pink roses on it. It would make a lovely girdle, and I could buy a white dress for 15 cents a yard and a little wreath of pink roses in the millinery department, and then I could be a bridesmaid for Millie Drake."

"Does she want you to be?" Bubbles asked, with interest.

"Yes," Alice said. "Jimmie Bryan is to be best man."

"Oh!" Bubbles was silent for a moment. Then she asked, "Don't you think you can afford the dress?"

"No," Alice said calmly. "I can't. And I told Millie last night to ask you. Bubbles, I knew you wouldn't mind being asked second, because I'm her oldest friend. I laid the piece of flowered ribbon away this morning, so that if you wanted it you could have it. You could make a white net skirt to your new waist. It would be awfully pretty with the pink roses."

But Bubbles was looking at her curiously.

"Don't you mind," she asked—"I mean not being bridesmaid?"

"Yes, I do," Alice said, and Bubbles saw that her eyes were full of tears. "But I have to give all of my money to mother now that father is sick and can't work."

"Well, it's a hard old world," Bubbles remarked as they reached the corner where they separated. "If I decide to take the ribbon, Alice, I'll let you know in the morning."

At the next corner Bubbles met Jimmie Bryan.

"Jimmie," she said, with her gray eyes challenging him—"Jimmie, are you going to be best man at Millie's wedding?"

"Sure," answered Jimmie—"cutaway, white flower in my coat and all the rest of the agony."

"And me to walk up the aisle with you?" said Bubbles.

Jimmie looked at her in surprise.

"I thought Alice was going—was going to do it," he said.

"Alice can't get the clothes," Bubbles informed him, "and if I wasn't a selfish pig I'd get them for her, but I want a white feather in my summer hat."

Jimmie hesitated. "Look here, Bubbles," he said a little awkwardly. "Ain't there some way you could make Alice think you were getting her dress and let me pay for it? I'd like to do it."

Bubbles caught her breath quickly.

"Why, Jimmie!" she said.

Jimmie flushed. "She has an awful hard time," he said.

"Yes, she does," Bubbles agreed abstractedly. She was a little white, but she still smiled at Jimmie.

"So you don't want me to be bridesmaid with you?" she teased, still with a funny catch in her breath.

"Aw, Bubbles," he stammered, "you know I think you're about the nicest thing ever."

"But you'd rather have Alice walk up the aisle with you," was her quiet reminder.

"I wouldn't," he declared stoutly.

"but I'm sorry for Alice."

"Of course," Bubbles agreed, and then she went on to plan. "I could get her the things and tell her the money had come to me unexpectedly."

"I am afraid that wouldn't do," was Jimmie's worried response. "She'd feel as if she had to pay it back. You get the things and send them to her, and don't have any mark on the box, and she'll never know where they came from."

"What I can't get the things to

talked about," Bubbles said, "or she would know right away. Do you care how much you spend, Jimmie?"

"No," he told her with the recklessness of the skilled laborer who earns his \$3 a day; "no, I don't."

"Then I'll get a baby dress of pink mull with a wreath of silver roses. She'll look like a dream, Jimmie."

"I hope she will," Jimmie said, and Bubbles sighed.

"Goodby, Jimmie," she said as she came to the fence where she lived on the third floor.

He looked at her anxiously. "You're not cut up about not being bridesmaid, are you?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No," she answered bravely.

"Well, you're pretty nice, Bubbles," he said heartily, and then he went on his way.

When Bubbles reached home she took out her hoarded store of money. With what she would add on her next pay day she would have \$10, and she could buy the hat with the white feather.

She fingered the money for a moment, and then she dropped her head on her arm with a sob. For Bubbles had wanted that hat to wear to church on Sunday morning when she sang in the choir with Jimmie Bryan. It had been for Jimmie's admiration that she had saved so long. And now, alas! all it was Alice that Jimmie cared for.

Two days later Alice came to her counter breathlessly.

"Oh, Bubbles," she said, "such a wonderful thing has happened!"

"What?" asked Bubbles innocently.

And then Alice told her of the wonderful event and the dreamy night that had come the night before in a big way.

"I can't imagine who sent them."

"It must have been a fairy godmother," said Bubbles demurely.

"And now I can be Millie's bridesmaid," cried Alice when she had recounted all her experiences as to the given. "You won't mind, will you, Bubbles?"

"No," said Bubbles steadily.

And as she said needles and pins and books and eyes and whatnots and a hundred and one other things that day she told herself that she did not care. Why should she want to walk beside Jimmie Bryan when he preferred to have Alice?

She passed the window with the hat with the white feather that night without a glance, and on Sunday she wore a plain little black sailor with a cheap red rose, and she looked prettier than ever in it.

"Alice thinks you're a fairy godmother," she told Jimmie after service.

"Say, did she like it?" he demanded.

"Of course she did," said Bubbles.

"Who wouldn't?"

But Jimmie did not answer immediately. He stood looking down at her.

"Say, little girl," he said presently, "you look mighty nice in that hat."

"It cost just \$1.08," Bubbles informed him glibly, "marked down from \$2."

"I don't care what it cost," Jimmie stated. "You look mighty nice."

Bubbles couldn't resist saying, "But not half as nice as Alice will in that pink robe."

"Bubbles, I believe you're jealous," flashed Jimmie unexpectedly.

Bubbles' cheeks flamed. "Why, Jimmie Bryan?" she faltered.

"Look here," Jimmie demanded, "did you think I was in love with Alice?"

Under his keen scrutiny Bubbles was forced to admit, "I couldn't very well help it, could I?"

"I was afraid you would," Jimmie said, "that day when I planned to get her the things, but I had promised. Oh, look here, Bubbles, you come out to the park with me, and I'll tell you about it."

And all the way to the park Bubbles' heart sang, and she seemed to walk on air, and she was glad that she hadn't bought the hat with the white feather. She was glad she hadn't been extravagant for Jimmie seemed to like her just as well in the black sailor with the red rose.

In the park the beds were full of jonquils and tulips and hyacinths and crocuses, and under the flowering almond tree Jimmie and Bubbles sat down to talk.

"You see," Jimmie explained, "there's Bob Travers, and he's in the navy, and he's away on a three years' cruise, and he made me promise that I'd look after Alice—they've been in love with each other since they were kids—and when Alice's father got sick I tried to help, but they wouldn't let me, and it seemed as if getting her the dress would be what Bob would want me to do, and now he's going to get home in time for the wedding, and I told Millie she'd have to have him for best man."

"Oh," cried Bubbles, aglow with happiness.

"And then I told her how much I thought of you, and she wants us to be in the wedding party, and—Oh, well, look here, Bubbles," and in the shadow of the flowering almond he held out his arms.

And Bubbles, having kept a little weep of joy on his broad shoulder, sat up and wiped her eyes. "Ain't I glad I didn't spend all my money for that feather, Jimmie?" she said. "I'll get the white net skirt and wear the rose but ribbon."

"And a diamond ring," interrupted Jimmie.

"A diamond ring! What for?" demanded Bubbles.

"Because we're engaged," said Jimmie rapturously.

Economy Begins at Home.

"I hear you're teaching your son to play draw poker. Do you think that's wise?"

"Certainly. He's bound to learn from some one. If he learns from me it keeps the money in the family." —New York Life.

WARNED BY SPECTER

One Person's Three Experiences With Ghosts.

THE SPIRIT OF HIS SIST

How an Apparition From the Life World Aided the Brother in Dealing an Important Legal Question—Phantom on the Grave.

Three times in my life, each time separated by an interval of years, I have experienced here told been mine. I come of a family to different members of which have become visible times those appearances which want of a better name are known "ghosts." It is at least possible, the superstition regarding the sight of one born with a veil may be some foundation in scientific fact, my uncle was thus veiled at birth and all his life from infancy was space was peopled to him with forms which he would describe so accurately to those who were not sure that listeners would instantly recognize departed friends, gone over yonder before my uncle's birth in many instances.

It was not till he was a large that he realized that the forms seen him were not visible to others. He could be written of his experience but I am not here to give hearsay evidence, but my own personal experiences, the sights seen with my bodily vision.

The first instance was so early in my life that I do not recall it, but mother relates the circumstances.

Our home was in Brooklyn, and had gone for the summer to Gravel Hill, Conn. I was so young I still wore dresses and was in the charge of a nursemaid who was in the habit of receiving visits from Annie, a of her own class, so that I was acquainted with Annie.

She died suddenly and was buried in the country churchyard, but I was told of her death, being considered young to understand.

As I walked with my nurse past cemetery one evening in the edge dusk her superstitious horror came imagined when I cried, pointing to Annie's grave: "Oh, Ma, there is Annie! She is waving her hand for us to come over to her!" broke away from my nurse and ran the cemetery fence. She caught up and ran in a panic to the house nor would she ever again pass the cemetery after dark.

The only idea in my mind was of a familiar friend whom I had seen for some time.

The second instance was at the unromantic age possible to a boy about thirteen. I was attending boarding school in Dedham, Mass.

A school friend, a boy of about age, had left the school some time before for his home in the west, I was in perfect health.

At about 9 in the evening I sat on the edge of the bed removing shoes when the wall of the room seemed to part and open, showing the night outside, with the dim of the trees gently waving in wind. As I sat spellbound at strange sight in the rift of the against the background of the night stood my friend as I had last seen him just as he left. He waved his hand in token of farewell, stood for a moment, and gently the vision faded.

I said to my roommate, who seen nothing: "Charlie is dead. I just seen him." The next morning telegram to the school said that he died the night preceding.

In the third instance I had grown manhood—a normal, healthy man, six feet tall and weighing nearly pounds. I am a civil engineer, hardly outdoor life being far from from dreams and morbid imaginings.

It was on one occasion necessary me to consult a lawyer, and one evening I met the lawyer in his Boston office to talk over a matter of business. In the course of the conversation asked me a question which I was decided about answering. I stood a moment before replying, for corroboration, lowering my eyes, and when I raised them, there stood behind attorney a favorite sister, dead many years.

Her eyes were fixed on mine, fingers on her lips. I instantly, sorbed the idea conveyed by her gesture pose and did not give her the information he asked. A afterward proved, it was greatly my interest not to do so.

The lawyer shivered slightly as

visitant stood behind his chair, said that there was a draft through the room.

He never knew that the sensation cold conveyed to his nervous eyes was a breath from an unseen world.

Science has proved that light, sound and color are all the results of vibrations of greater or less rapidity. We see, hear or feel their effects. What of the vast space filled with vibrations which affect none of our senses, yet are unknown to us? Could our senses respond to them? secrets of the unseen might be revealed, and who can say but secret of these strange sights?

hidden in this unknown world vibrations hiding a world about us, mingling with our surroundings, and common knowledge of the rare moments when the veil is torn and the unknown is revealed.

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Procrastination in Saving

has often been the cause of want in the declining years of
many an individual.
Start an account right now with the Charleroi Savings &
Trust Company. It will be a step of which you will always
be proud, for it will help you build a strong reserve fund for
the future.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES TO RENT, \$5.00 AND UP PER YEAR

Charleroi Savings & Trust Co.

CHARLEROI, PENNSYLVANIA.

4 per cent. Interest Paid on Savings Accounts
Compounded twice a year

Capital and Undivided Profits \$143,000.00

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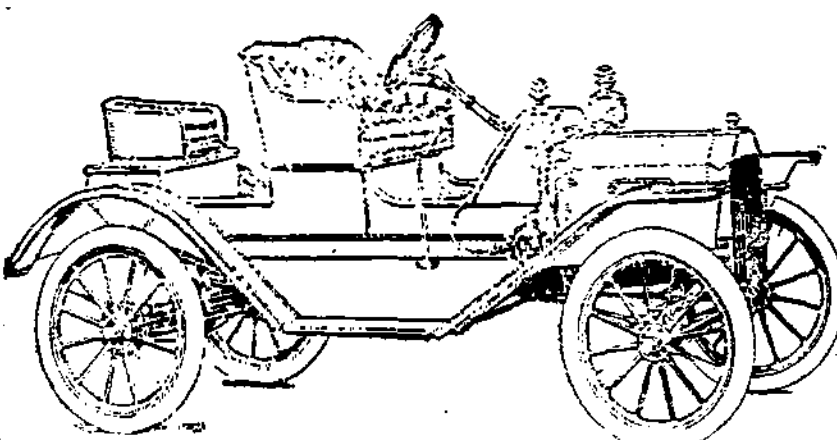
California Clay Manufacturing Co.

Get our Prices on

Common and Face Brick

Room 21,
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FAMOUS FORD ROADSTER Model S Price \$750.00



FOUR CYLINDERS, 16-18 H. P.—40 MILES AN HOUR, 30 X 3 TIRES, EQUIPPED
WITH 3 LAMPS, HORN AND STORAGE BATTERY.

Guards that entirely protect you from the mud.

This is the BEST Runabout FORD ever offered, and FORD always had the BEST
for the money.

The FORD is built for hard service on American roads. Our demonstrations are
not confined to Brussels Carrot tests, but we invite the most rigid scrutiny on every
part. Write or phone for demonstration.

We have a good proposition to make to a live agent in your city.
Write for particulars.

Escent Automobile Co.

12-14 Baum Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Phone 484 Highland

ANIMAL LEGENDS.

The Buzz of the Mosquito and the
Swallow's Forked Tail.

In Palestine, where several religions
and old by the Jews, legends have
and intermingled in such a way as to
make a distinct folklore. A collection
of stories from "Folklore in the Holy
Land," by the Rev. J. E. Hanauer,
contains many Bible legends in new
forms and with humorous additions.
One explains how the mosquito came
to buzz and why the swallow's tail is
forked.

After the fall of man the serpent
missed the reward which the evil one
had promised him—namely, the sweet-
est food in the world. An angel was
appointed to assign to every creature
his food and dwelling place. The ser-
pent asked for human flesh. But Adam
protested and pointed out shrewdly
that as nobody had ever tasted human
flesh it was impossible to maintain
that it was the most luscious of food.
Thus he gained a year's respite for the
race.

Meanwhile the mosquito was sent
round the world with instructions to
taste and report upon the blood of ev-
ery living creature. At the end of
twelve months it was to report in open
court the result of its researches.

Now, Adam had a dream in which he
saw the swallow, which annually
makes a pilgrimage to Mecca and all
body places. This bird shadowed the
mosquito all the twelve months until
the day of the decision. Then as the
insect was on its way to the court the
swallow met it openly and asked what
flesh and blood it had found sweetest.

"Human," replied the mosquito.

"What?" asked the swallow. "Please
say it again for I am rather deaf."

On this the mosquito opened its
mouth wide to shout, and the swallow
darted in its bill and plucked out the
insect's tongue.

They then proceeded to the court,
where all living creatures were assem-
bled to hear the decision. On being
asked the outcome of its investigation
the mosquito, which could now only
buzz, was unable to make itself under-
stood, and the swallow, pretending to
be its spokesman, declared that the
insect had said that it had found the
blood of the frog the most delicious.
Sentence was therefore given that
frogs, not men, should be the serpent's
food.

In its rage and disappointment the
serpent dared forward to destroy the
swallow. But the bird was too quick;
the serpent succeeded only in biting
some feathers out of the middle of the
swallow's tail.

This is why swallows have forked
tails.

EASY PHYSICAL CULTURE.

How One May Promote Good Health
Without Expense.

First of all, there is the sensible use
of the odd moments of the day. For
example, I must go out to my work in
the city; I must get up from my chair
after or at intervals during my work; I
must go upstairs. Here are the oppor-
tunities:

During the wash I can rub myself
well all over my skin. Having used
the warm water and soap and warm
water again, I can dip my hands in
cold water and then give my skin a
capital friction with the palms of my
hands. This will afford excellent exer-
cise for the arms and shoulders and,
when I stoop, for the trunk muscles.
It will clean me, will help to harden
and invigorate me and will make my
hands and my whole body glow de-
lightfully. It will need scarcely any
extra time.

When I go out into the street, and
indeed whenever I go out, I can take
two extra deep and full breaths of
fresh air in through the nostrils. And
I can repeat this wonderfully healthy
practice whenever I wait at a crossing,
whenever I wait at a, and just before
I go into any building from the street,
and also before any important work
or interview, and, of course, the first
thing in the morning and the last thing
at night. Here there is not one mo-
ment of extra time demanded, but
there is so much effective but easy
physical culture that at the end of a
year the improvement in the breathing
capacity, the endurance, the vigor, the
complexion and even in the control of
the temper may be almost beyond be-
lief. And, best of all, the automatic
habit of fuller and more rhythmical
inhalations may be firmly fixed.—Eos-
tace Miles in Metropolitan Magazine.

The Dear Old Days.

Touched by his sad story, a Harris-
burg woman recently furnished a meal
to a melancholy looking hobo who had
applied therefor at the back door.

"Why do you stick out the middle
finger of your left hand so straight
while you are eating?" asked the com-
passionate woman. "Was it ever broken?"

"No, mum," answered the hobo, with
a snuffle. "But during my halcyon
days I wore a diamond ring on that
finger, and old habits are hard to break,
mum."—Harper's Weekly.

The Candidate's Course.

"When a candidate thinks he's right
he must stick to his belief."

"But supposing all his constituents
think differently?"

"In that case he must show his true
greatness by casting aside all personal
bias and emphatically assuming that a
majority cannot be wrong."—Cleveland
Plain Dealer.

Everybody Pleased.

Deacon—Are you willing to go? Un-
popular Citizen (dying)—Oh, yes; I am.
Deacon—Well, I'm glad you are, for
that makes it unanimous.—Judge.

Love your neighbor, but don't pull
down the fence.—German proverb.

PERSONAL MENTION

Thomas Barker spent Saturday and
Sunday in Waynesburg with friends.

Ralph Bayne was a visitor at his
home in Waynesburg over Sunday.

Sylvester Taseo has left for Harris-
burg for a brief visit.

Miss Catherine Keil of Pittsburg
was in Charleroi yesterday calling on
friends.

Guy C. Will, of Monongahela was
calling on friends in Charleroi yester-
day.

Miss Anna Shepler visited H. B.
Staver at the Mercy Hospital yester-
day.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Marley of
Toronto, O., are visiting at the home
of Mrs. Marley's parents.

Mr. L. C. Willard of North Side,
Pittsburg, is spending a few days with
her sister, Mrs. R. L. Hormell, of
Prospect avenue.

Bruce Barnett left last evening for
visit friends in Eastern cities, Phila-
delphia, New York and Boston.

The Methodist Episcopal Sunday
school of this place has organized a
Sunday school orchestra. It will play
for the first time next Sunday, July
13.

Misses Sadie Melroy and Bess
Welsh of Youngstown, Ohio, are
guests of Miss Celia McDermott of
Meadow avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. G. May Hill, Miss
Nell Jessop, John and Thomas Mc-
Dermott of Manhall were visitors here
at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas
McDermott Sunday.

Miss Mabel Mountsier has left for
New York to resume work in a school
there after spending a few weeks in
Charleroi with her parents.

Vernon Shannon, who is a student
at Lehigh University has returned
home to spend the summer vacation.

Albert Manka, for several years a
prominent organizer of the United
Mine Workers, was calling on friends
in Charleroi Saturday. He has been
through many exciting adventures.

THE CHARLEROI MAIL WANT COLUMN

ONE CENT PER WORD each
insertion if PAID IN ADVANCE.
No ad. asked for less than 25
cents. This rate includes Lost, For
Rent, For sale, Found, Wanted, Etc.

FOR RENT—Three rooms with bath
and all modern conveniences. Inquire
327 Fallowfield avenue. 255tf

CARDS—Call and see our samples
of stylish calling cards. Printed or
engraved. Charleroi Mail. 134 tf

FOR SALE—Small confectionery
in nearby mining town. Address Con-
fectioner. Mail Office. 6644p

WANTED—Girl for general house-
work. Apply 325 Washington av-
enue. 277tf

WANTED—Everybody to know that
the Mail takes orders for high class
engraving of calling cards and in-
vitations. 143tf

FOR RENT—Flat in Schuyler Build-
ing McKean Avenue. Third floor
front. All conveniences. Inquire
George Schuyler's Office. 254tf

WANTED—Stone mason at once.
Brownsville Construction Co., Browns-
ville, Pa. 2806p

The Proof of the Pudding.

Nearly all fire insur-
ance policies are dress-
ed alike.

They are mostly
gaily lithographed fel-
lows filled with many
"afore saids" and
"hereinafters."

They all promise you
the same thing—pro-
tection.

The proof that the
promise is protection
lies in the past record
and present condition
of the issuing company

Our policies are
backed by companies
that have been tried
and proven.

ED. C. DRUM

Reliable Fire Insurance

304 FALLOWFIELD AVE., Charleroi, Pa.

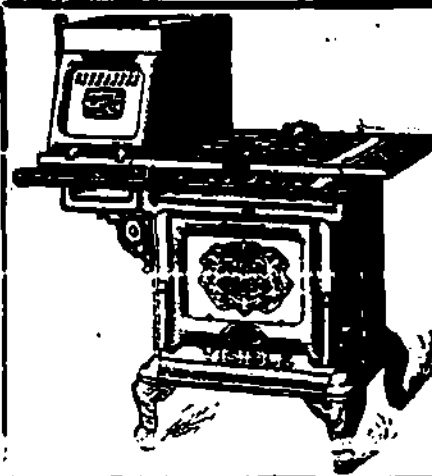
A First Class Music Store

Charleroi has a music store where everything that's musical is
sold. It may be a piano, or it may be a violin, or phonograph. We
can furnish it. We handle such a large quantity of musical goods
the scope of our business is so large, that we are always able to make
prices the lowest and terms the easiest. Put yourself on the line lists
we handle in pianos and you will understand why it is unnecessary
for anybody to go outside of Charleroi to buy.

W. F. Frederick Music Co.,

J. J. KING, Retail Manager,

Fallowfield Ave.



J. M. FLEMING

PLUMBING AND
GAS FITTING

Gas Ranges and Chandeliers,
Garden Hose and Gas Hose

Masonic Building

Charleroi, Pa.

Buy Green Goods at Masters'

We are handling so much in the line of green goods
that you are always sure of your purchases being fresh.
When thinking about something dainty and nice for the
table don't forget that we are always glad to send little
purchases to the house in time for the next meal.

J. E. MASTERS & CO.

Fourth St. and Fallowfield Ave.

Charleroi, Pa.

Watch This Space for
Announcement

BASEBALL

Charleroi Base Ball Park

SCOTTDALE

VS.

CHARLEROI

July 6, 7 and 8

Thursday Ladies Admitted Free.